



No. 207.—VOL. XVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



DAN LENO AS MRS. TWANKEY IN "ALADDIN," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"ALADDIN," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



WASHEE WASHEE (MR. JOE GRIFFITH).



SAU SEE (MISS CLARA JECKS).



PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR (MISS DECIMA MOORE).



PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR (MISS DECIMA MOORE).

"ALADDIN," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE GENIUS OF THE RING (MISS G. SOMERSET).



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (MR. G. ANGELO).



THE GRAND VIZIER (MR. FRITZ RIMMA).



ABANAZAR (MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL), AND THE WIDOW.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

"Alas, poor Satan!" It is hard for Lucife. that he should be rendered ridiculous in order to earn money for the two syndicates which are running the Shaftesbury. Mr. William Archer has been eloquent about the injury done to drama by the syndicate. What, then, must one expect when two syndicates are in one theatre? Possibly, what we have got—a work without any literary, artistic, or dramatic value at all. The piece

is not more interesting than "The Pilgrim's Progress," not so prettily mounted, and, setting aside Mr. Lewis Waller, not so well acted. Frankly, the worst that can be urged against the "Sorrows" is that the play is boring. Mr. Waller was unkind enough to act with such power as to rob us of fun in the absurdity of the affair, for which I owe him a grudge. If he had, like Frederick Lemaître with "L'Auberge des Adrêts," turned the piece into ridicule, it might have been very entertaining.

I do not know that I am entitled to take up the cudgels for Satan, that I have a brief as *advocatus Diaboli*, but I do protest against the cloak



MR. YORKE STEPHENS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and fluted armour, and against the dress-clothes. If he is to be the fiend of Mr. Gilbert's Gretchen, let him not also be the Tempter of Mr. H. A. Jones, or the Mephistopheles of Wills. One view at a time is enough. Moreover, I venture to object to his "chestnut" cynicism and his bad manners. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," according to the opinion of Shakspeare, to say nothing of Suckling, and certainly would have greater courtesy than Prince Lucio. There is one delightful humour in the affair, and that is to see a Joseph and Potiphar's Wife scene, in which Satan plays the part of the famous dream-expounder. The pity of the whole affair is that the playwrights have not grasped the fact that Miss Corelli is really an unwitting humorist, but have treated her so reverentially as to avoid the opportunities presented by the subject for spectacular effects and pleasant embellishment. At one moment hope came, for, in a garden-party scene, a number of Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses tripped on, and a dance seemed to be promised, but they merely formed a living arcade. Although Mr. Waller looked very impressive, and acted with great force and sincerity, I should have liked him better if he had given us an occasional song and dances instead of long sketches of high-falutin' phrases. Presumably, the spectacular effects of the last act went wrong, for what we saw was too poor to have been all that was intended, and consequently I forbear from criticism.

Miss Granville did not seem quite at home in the part of Sybil, and acted with less ability than from her former work I had expected. The others, save Mr. O'Neill as Amiel and Messrs. Humphery and Coutts as comic solicitors, did not give a brilliant display, Mr. Yorke Stephens as Geoffrey Tempest was not at his best. A kindly feeling for Satan causes me to make a friendly suggestion to the syndicates—let them turn the piece into a musical farce; there are real comic possibilities in the subject, and we all know that the illegitimate business of the syndicate is the musical piece.

Mr. Stephens, I may note, began his theatrical career in 1879, for he was intended for the law, and started life in the office of a London solicitor. Still, it was his love of acting and his successes as an amateur that made him decide to adopt the stage professionally, for he belonged to a good old English family, and was never compelled to "sing for his supper." Mr. Stephens made his first appearance in London at the Olympic in "The Worship of Bacchus," going from there to Miss Jennie Lee at the Royalty, and thence to Miss Marie Litton at the Imperial for "As You Like It." Then he succeeded Mr. Kyrle Bellew and figured as Belville in the revival of "The Country Girl," at the Gaiety, in 1881. After this he went to the Court for a season, and then to New York to the Madison Square and Daly's Theatres, but, returning in 1884, he at once went on tour as Gilbert Vaughan in "Called Back," after which he spent two years at the Vaudeville. In "Held by the Enemy" he distinguished himself as the American, and he then took the Olympic Theatre and produced "Mr. Barnes of New York," at the conclusion of the run there taking the play on tour, and on his return joined Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in "The Crusaders," at the Avenue. During this time he had been offered the part of Dr. Bill by Mr. Alexander, but being unable to accept,

joined that manager only for the production of "Sunlight and Shadow" at the Avenue, going with the piece to the St. James's, but returning to the Avenue for "The Henrietta." He assisted Mrs. Brown-Potter in "Hero and Leander," at the Shaftesbury. He acted very cleverly in "Arms and the Man," and recently he has been touring as Rassendyll in his "Prisoner of Zenda" company, a rôle he also played at the St. James's Theatre during Mr. Alexander's absence.

"A PIERROT'S LIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

The title is a comical mistranslation of the French "Histoire d'un Pierrot," which really means a tale about a Pierrot. The error emphasises the fact, unintentionally, that M. F. Beissier has hardly caught so much as a glimpse of Pierrot. This is not the place in which to talk about that curious fascinating myth, of which Willette, as far as black-and-white is concerned, has proved himself the truest exponent. Yet the temptation to write about Pierrot, and, perhaps, like scientific people, to call him a sun-myth, or to employ vague phrases about the ultimate expression of the combined Celtic and Latin races, is prodigious. It must be resisted. Whatever may be the case, it is quite clear that M. Beissier has not succeeded in even hinting the non-human aspect of Pierrot. The hero of the new piece is really nothing more than the by no means rare individual very much in love before marriage, very little after, repentant and affectionate when he finds that he is penniless and hungry and his wife has a solid position. I fear that I have begun somewhat harshly, since, indeed, it is my pleasant task to say that "A Pierrot's Life" is a charming work, and that even this jaded person intends to pay it a second visit, perhaps a third. Nevertheless, the curious fact is that one can advance a dozen objections to the book, if book there be where no words are. Even to the most uncritical it is obvious that M. Beissier has founded his work on "L'Enfant Prodigue." People who go to ball-rooms and become acquainted with the latest waltzes, if they are keen, notice that it constantly happens that the newest waltz is really one of the old, altered, sufficiently, no doubt, for copyright purposes, since neither Chancery Judge, nor jury on an issue, could decide so delicate a question of originality.

After all, there is disresemblance enough to permit one to delight in the simple humour and pathos of "A Pierrot's Life," without thought, till afterwards, of origin. The music to many people will appear very fine, nor need even the critical sneeze at it. M. Mario Costa has not the inventive powers of Wormser, nor does his technique enable him to get twenty shillings in the pound out of his orchestra; but he can write pretty tunes with an irrelevant Neapolitan flavour, is able ingeniously to underline many of the scenes, and when he attempts big effects gets an orchestral colour that reminds me much of Wenzel. It is curious to note that Costa and Wormser begin their prelude in a similar fashion, but, substantially speaking, after this it would be difficult to suggest anything like imitation on the part of the later writer, who does not seem to have taken his work quite so seriously as his predecessor, and indulges in long stretches of trivial, if not unpleasing, music, which he repeats at length with changes inappreciable, if any. Notwithstanding this, the music is ingenious and interesting, and sometimes charming, though its colour when at its best is curiously and impertinently Italian. Pierrot is essentially French, and the scenes pass in Paris, wherefore it is difficult to understand the phrases and orchestration suggestive of Naples.

Mdlle. Litini, who made a hit in 1891 at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in "La Statue du Commandeur" as the dancer, is quite a fascinating Pierrot. Of the elfish gaiety of Jane May she shows no trace, and at first, through conscientious suggestion of the timidity of this Pierrot, seemed rather clumsy and loutish. She quickly reveals a remarkable grace in movement and gesture, and an astonishing beauty of pose. One may complain always that she is inclined to underact, yet it would be difficult to quarrel with the performance of any one scene, and in the end her charm proved irresistible.

The great hit was made by Signor Egidio Rossi, bearer of a name famous in modern acting. He is a brilliant mime. The house very justly gave him prodigious applause for his skilful, eloquent, wordless telling of the tale of two pigeons suggested by, but not borrowed from, La Fontaine or "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Every scene in which he appeared—that is to say, the majority of the scenes—had vigour and life. We have three delightful recollections of French acting in wordless plays: Courtes in "L'Enfant Prodigue," Tarride in "La Statue du Commandeur," and Rossi in "A Pierrot's Life," and the last is by no means the least charming. Probably, however, Rossi is an Italian. Madame Germaine Ety acted ably as Louise, the wife. The representative of Fifine, perhaps as a concession to *le perfide Anglais*, was stupidly put into a Spanish fancy-dress, and made everyone expect that she was going to dance. It was a pity to lessen the artistic value of the piece by presenting her in this guise. That "A Pierrot's Life" will have such a run as "L'Enfant Prodigue" can hardly be expected, but it seems likely to prove successful, and, indeed, is such a charming entertainment that I sincerely hope it will enjoy a long career.

MONOCLE.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

"A wonderful sixpennyworth."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.
 "The magazine de luxe."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

A COMPARISON IS INVITED

OF

THE JANUARY "LADY'S REALM"

WITH THE OTHER SIXPENNY MAGAZINES

AS TO ITS

LITERARY EXCELLENCE,
 ARTISTIC MERIT,
 ENGRAVING AND REPRODUCTION,
 PAPER AND PRINT,
 WIDE INTEREST TO LADIES.

"Compare Messrs. Hutchinson's 'Lady's Realm' with any American magazine, and it will be seen that our art of reproducing pictures is as far in advance of the Americans as they were said to have been in advance of us."—BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE.

THE JANUARY "LADY'S REALM"

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS,

A Special Article on

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT HOME,

Stories by

SARAH GRAND, S. R. CROCKETT,
 FRANKFORT MOORE, and
 THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER;

Special Articles on

THE WIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS,
 WITH BIOGRAPHIES AND PORTRAITS.

AND

THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

ALSO,

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN. By MRS. HARCOURT WILLIAMSON.
 A CITY OF FLOWERS. By THE LADY MARY WOOD.
 A POEM. By SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

AND

112 ILLUSTRATIONS, PORTRAITS, and AUTOGRAPHS.

London: HUTCHINSON and CO., Paternoster Row.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE QUEEN'S CUP. By G. A. HENTY, Author of "Rujub the Juggler,"
 "Dorothy's Double," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo, 15s. net; and at every Library.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT, &c. By MRS. HUNGERFORD, Author of "The
 Three Graces," &c. On Jan. 14. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN COIGNET, SOLDIER OF THE
 EMPIRE, 1776-1850. Edited from the original MS. by LOREDAN LARCHEY, and
 translated from the French by Mrs. M. Carey. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth
 extra, 3s. 6d.

WITH THE RED EAGLE: An Historical Romance. By WILLIAM
 WESTALL, Author of "Sons of Belfal," &c. On Jan. 14. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR." By BRET HARTE. With
 a Frontispiece by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. A NEW EDITION. Crown 8vo,
 cloth, 3s. 6d.

A CAPFUL O' NAILS: A North-Country Story. By DAVID CHRISTIE
 MURRAY, Author of "Joseph's Coat." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

TOM SAWYER, DETECTIVE; and Other Stories. By MARK TWAIN.
 With a Photogravure Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE ROYAL CHRISTOPHER. By JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY,
 Author of "A London Legend." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

"A very excellent story. . . . 'Le Selve' is one of
 the strongest stories Ouida has written for many a
 long day."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

OUIDA'S NEW NOVEL—

LE SELVE.

Cloth, 2s. 6d.

"'Le Selve' is admirably
 written, with the true dis-
 crimination between the
 essential and the superfluous
 that distinguishes the artist
 from the mere maker of
 books."—MORNING POST.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S LIST

NOTICE.

THE FIFTH EDITION OF
FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA,
 From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief,
 BY FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS,
 WILL BE READY TO-MORROW.

At all Libraries and Booksellers', in 2 vols., demy 8vo,
 with Portraits, Maps, and Plans, 36s.

NEW WORKS.

By SIR F. MONTEFIORE, BART.
THE PRINCESS DELAMBALLE.
 By SIR FRANCIS MONTEFIORE. In
 1 vol., crown 4to, with numerous Portraits
 and other Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

By MISS CROMMELIN.

**OVER THE ANDES FROM THE
 ARGENTINE TO CHILI AND PERU.**
 By MAY CROMMELIN. In 1 vol., demy
 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, 12s. 6d.

EDITED BY CAPTAIN CASTLE.

THE JERNINGHAM LETTERS
 (1780-1843). Being Excerpts from the
 Correspondence and Diaries of the Honour-
 able Lady Jerningham and of her daughter,
 Lady Bedingfield. Edited, with Notes, by
 EGERTON CASTLE, M.A., F.S.A. With
 Portraits and other Illustrations. In 2 vols.,
 crown 8vo, 24s.

By MR. HISSEY.

**ON SOUTHERN ENGLISH
 ROADS.** By JAMES JOHN HISSEY,
 Author of "A Drive Thro' England," "On
 the Box Seat," &c. With Sixteen Illustrations
 from Sketches by the Author, engraved
 by Mr. George Pearson, and Map of the
 Route. In 1 vol., demy 8vo, 16s.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

NOW READY.

The MISTRESS OF BRAE FARM.
 By ROSA N. CAREY, Author of "Nellie's
 Memories." In 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

"Miss Carey's untiring pen loses none of its
 power, and her latest work is as gracefully written,
 as full of quiet home charm, as fresh and wholesome
 so to speak, as its many predecessors."—PALL MALL
 GAZETTE.

NOW READY.

THE BACKSLIDER. By CON-
 STANCE SMITH, Author of "The Repen-
 tance of Paul Wentworth." In 2 vols., crown
 8vo, 12s.

"Interesting and well written."—DAILY
 CHRONICLE.

THE NEW ISSUE OF THE
NOVELS OF MRS. HENRY WOOD.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME,
COURT NETHERLEIGH
 (TWENTY-SIXTH THOUSAND) IS NOW
 READY.

In red cloth, gold lettered on side, similar to the
 3s. 6d. Edition, 2s. 6d. In green cloth, gold
 lettered on back, but with a plainer binding, 2s.

To be followed at regular intervals by the other
 Stories in the Series.

London: RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, New Burlington Street,
 Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

NOW READY.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1897.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN OF SCIENCE.—VII. A RACE
 WITH THE SUN. By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.
 Illustrations by J. Finnermore, R.B.A.

LIFE ON A GREENLAND WHALER. By A. CONAN DOYLE.
 Illustrations from Photographs.

FROM BEHIND THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR.—XXXII. By HENRY
 W. LUCY. Illustrations by F. C. GOULD.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE.—VIII. THE EPISODE OF THE
 SELDON GOLD MINE. By GRANT ALLEN. Illustrated by Gordon Browne,
 R.B.A.

LIGHTNING. By JEREMY BROOME. Illustrations from Photographs.

DR. BERNARD'S PATIENT. By HENRY E. DUDENEY. Illustrations
 by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.

THE BLACK SIDE OF ANIMAL LIFE. Illustrated by J. A.
 SHEPHERD.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AT DIFFERENT TIMES OF
 THEIR LIVES. The Lord Mayor of London, Commander Wells, Miss Marie
 Tempest, The Bishop of Durham.

A CHILD'S MEMORIES OF GAD'S HILL. By MARY ANGELA
 DICKENS. Illustrations from Photographs.

BEER-MARKERS. By GEORGE DOLLAR. Illustrations from Photo-
 graphs.

TOLD TO THE WORLD. By Mrs. EGERTON EASTWICK (PLEYDELL
 NORTH). Illustrations by Claud A. Shepperson.

THE GREATEST JUGGLER IN THE WORLD. By WILLIAM G.
 FITZGERALD. Illustrations from Photographs by A. J. Johnson.

TWO OF A TRADE. By ROBERT BARR. Illustrations by Paul Hardy.

"THE PROFESSOR'S PUZZLES"—SOLUTIONS. By "SPHINX."
 Illustrations from Drawings.

WITTYSPLINTER. A Story for Children. From the German of CLEMENS
 BRENTANO. Illustrations by H. R. Millar.

CURIOSITIES. Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles.

Price 6d.; by Post, 9d.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 8, 9, 10 & 11, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30,
UNDER THE RED ROBE.
MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. HAYMARKET.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, THE NEW GRAND

BALLET, MONTE CRISTO. Great Success. LUMIERE'S CINEMATOGAPHE.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, TWO NEW GRAND

BALLETS, RIP VAN WINKLE and THE TZIGANE. Grand Varieties.
Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.30. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

NATIONAL SKATING PALACE,

Argyll Street, Regent Street.

10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. ... 3s.
3 p.m. to 6 p.m. (Non-Skaters half-price) ... 5s.
7.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. ... 3s.
Season Tickets to April 30 ... £5 5s.
Children (under sixteen) Monthly Season Tickets, £1 1s.

VICTORIA CARNIVAL, JANUARY 25,
to commemorate the Record Reign.

CYCLISTS are made up from all classes of the community, and yet there is a subtle fascination in the sport which appeals to every rider of the wheel. The subtle fascination of the "Humber" is irresistible. It is incomparably the pleasure cycle.

Catalogues on application at 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SPA, BELGIUM (twelve hours from London).—WINTER and SUMMER SEASON.

Casino always Open. Finest Iron-Water in the World.
Sure Cure for Anæmia, Weakness, &c. Sheltered Climate. Good Sport.
For details, address SECRETARY-GENERAL, Casino, Spa.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets
from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

TO WORTHING.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets
from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car to Brighton.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.
EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare, 13s., including Pullman Car to Brighton.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-day.

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.26 p.m.; also 4.30, 5.40, and 9.45 p.m., to Eastbourne only.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.; also 9.55 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris ...	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ...	10 0 "	9 55 "	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris ...	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ...	" 7 0 "	7 50 "

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets see Handbills.
(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ARCTIC ADVENTURE.**ICE-BOUND ON KOLGUEV.**

BY AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE.

Of any Bookseller, 21s.

"A picture of pluck and endurance that do honour to the English name."—TIMES.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

ALL THE BEST BOOKS OF

Travel, Sport, Adventure, &c.,

In English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish,

Are in CIRCULATION & for SALE (either New or Secondhand).

SUBSCRIPTIONS CAN BE ENTERED FROM ANY DATE.

Prospectuses of the Terms of Subscription in Town or Country and Lists of Books for Sale sent free by post to any address.

BOOKS EXPORTED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, LIMITED,

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON; 241, Brompton Road, S.W.;
and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and at 10-12, Barton Arcade, Manchester.

"WHY JAN PEARSE'S COUSIN, JAN BEER, WAS A BACHELOR MAN ALL HEES DAYS."**A WEST COUNTRY REMINISCENCE.**

Now I'll just tell 'ee how 'twas that my cousin Jan Beer, who was a personable man zools, such as any young woman might a-took to her buzum, as the zaying is, wi'out a-lowerin' of her self-respec' by zo much as the hem of her Zunday hankercher, was 'lowed to ztop zingle notwithstanding' that he had a overweenin' weakness for what Uncle Tom Perryman, up to the Haalf Mune, was vond o' callin' the weaker vessel; and Tom had zampled a-many vessels in his time, glass and wood and pewter, not to spake o' his wife, who would put un under pump when 'er was overtook and obstrep'rous like, and he zould 'a' knowed 'bout the weakness and strength o' vessels, and their contents likewise.

Jan Beer's callin' was that o' carrier, which 'ee took to, as I've a-heard un zay, all along a-listenin' to zome volks a-roarin' out a gude old stave up to Exeter Vair, which had a jingle about "nobody knowin' the zecrets of a country carrier's cart," and Jan he zurnised, zame as the hero o' that there zong, he'd like to be the one as knowed how he was a-carryin', maybe, yaller-backed Vrench novels did up in brown paper to pa'son, which to common, outward zeemin' might 'a' been the lives o' holy zaints; or maybe a pot o' raddle and a hank o' valse hair to the ole lady as kep' the post-office, and who niver could mind that lambs grows into yeos (ewes), no matter how hard you may strive to avert the ways o' nature. Mortal ztrange things Jan carried in his time 'twixt Chagiford and Ashburton, as I've heard un tell, besides the raddle and them yaller-covered tales, which last Granfer Stone was used to zay was a very model o' wickedness, and Granfer ought to 'a' knowed, for hees vather in hees youth had seen them gallivantin' Vrench a-landin' on Teignmouth beach, and a-burnin' down that part o' the town that is called Vrench Street to this very hour. Once Jan had a queer, misshapen, hard, up-and-down zort of a passel, which er brought from the iron-monger's for the old Zquire's, and when he loosed the ztring as 'twas tied around wi' to make zure as 'twas all zafe, er vound your girt vig-leaves, hammered out as nat'ral as life in brown metal—they was made to the order o' Zquire's wife, vor the ole man had bought your naked images up to Lunnon, which ztood a zealand to all females in the your corrders of the girt entrance-hall, and zhe, pore woman, as all the parish knoo full well, was that modest that er zpoke of the very bulls in the vields as them male cows.

But Jan he carried purtier truck than vig-leaves, for er was, as I tell'd 'ee, a rare hand wi' the maidens. 'Twas Zally here and 'Lizbeth there, Molly to one place, Zukey to t'other, up along and down along the road, all the way from Chagiford to Ashburton, and back agin. Jan he'd gi' 'em a lift i' the cart, and maybe a kiss, and the zeat of a covered waggon bein' a zeductive kind o' a zpot, 'tis no doubt er went furthur wi' 'em there than er would 'a' done 'pon the bare ground, and not a one among them maids but looked 'pon herself as Mrs. Jan Beer as was to be, and a part owner o' that there cart in which Jan had made hisself zo pleasant.

But them amorous goings-on, them zecrets o' the country carrier's cart, that our Jan had found zo 'tractive like, leaked out zumhow, and Zally and Molly, and all the maidens 'long the line o' march, they laid their purty heads together, which our Jan vound a zight more onpleasant for him than when they had a laid em zingly on his zoulder in that there danged carrier's cart. Zo one mornin', as Jan was a puttin' the old horse to in his yard, up come one o' them young maids, wi' a laafe and a zmile, and asks Jan would he give her a lift on the road. "Iss, fay," zays Jan, though er didn't half like it; and then er zeed over the hedge another hat and feathers as he knoo vull well a-comin' towards hees gate. Zo he pitches a tale to the virst maiden—he'd always a hunderd ole crams to the end o' hees tongue—and hides her away in the wood-house, and afore a half-hour was past Jan had three maids hid in the wood-house—three in the tallet, comfortable-like, under the hay, while tew was ztowed away in the linhay at t'other zide o' the yard. Now, while Jan was a-considerin' and a-plottin' what er was to do, the tallet-door vlies open, and out runs one maid a-shriekin' how there was a fulty girt rot in the place; then out comes all the rest o' the maids, as though they was vrighted at the noise, and they throws theirzelves 'pon Jan, and begs him to purtect 'em—him, their own dear, dear zweetheart! When Jan zhook hisself vree and gazed around, 'pearin', wi' all hees womankind, like Zolomon hisself in a zmockfrock, he vound half Chagiford a-lookin' on, and zumun hollered out, "Grady raskil, how many maids do 'ee want?" And Jan he up, and yowlin' out "Scat abroad, you forward huzzies!" cleared hisself from them maidens, and er ran vor dear life.

Jan niver got over thicky there clamjam fray, and afore a month was past er left carrier's cart and all, and traipsin' up to Exeter, er 'listed for a sojer, and when er come back, zeven years later, wi' one leg shot away and tew fingers wantin', there was no maid in our parts as thought zo poorly of herself as to take the third part of a body, as one might zay, vor better, vor worse; and zo Jan ztayed on a bachelor man, till the Lord Hisself come and took all that was left of un. W. C. F.

Little drops of water,
Freezing on the walk.
Make the naughty adjectives
Mix in people's talk.

—Puck.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

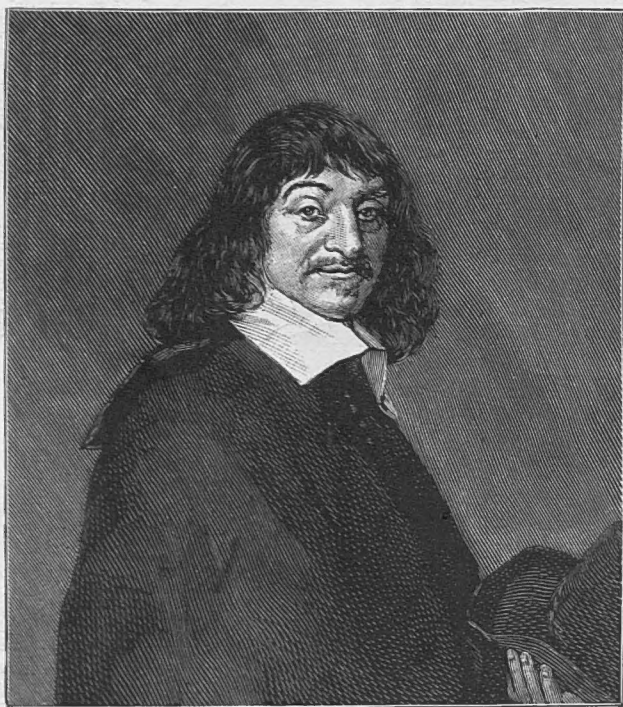


PHIL MAY, R.I.

I congratulate Mr. Phil May on being elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, an honour which he and Mr. Hugh Thomson are the first black-and-white artists to have achieved. In the picture I reproduce here Phil has sketched himself.

French folk have a passion for anniversaries, and Touraine, most fertile and beautiful of provinces, and one which can already boast of many of her children—Rabelais, Richelieu, and Balzac among them—is now fêting the tricentenary of Descartes, whose splendid portrait by Hals is one of the glories of the Louvre. The house where the great philosopher was born is comparatively unchanged, and thanks to it, the little town of La Haye has become a place of pilgrimage. It was, of course, in Holland that Descartes' intellectual life was spent, and he died at Stockholm while visiting Christina of Sweden, who counted among her many eccentricities a passion for philosophy. Sweden did the great Frenchman honour, and even as late as 1770 erected a fine monument over his grave. But now all that remains of Descartes rests in the Abbaye of Ste. Geneviève at Paris. This next spring Touraine looks forward to celebrating the first centenary of Alfred de Vigny. The author of "Cinq Mars" always remained faithful to Tours, and was never so happy as when spending a summer holiday in the Garden of France.

Mr. Thomas Smith, the skilful surgeon who has been attending to Sir Henry Irving's strained tendon, has long been one of the leading lights at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where several generations of medical students have been taught to speak of him as "Tom Smith." Among the important appointments held by Mr. Smith during his professional career have been those of surgeon at "Bart's" and consulting surgeon at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. In 1890 he and Sir William



HALS' PORTRAIT OF DESCARTES, IN THE LOUVRE.

McCormac were Vice-Presidents of the Royal College of Surgeons. A bold operator, elderly, grey-haired, and keen-eyed, Mr. Tom Smith is a very popular man among his colleagues and subordinates.

The atavistic tendencies of the exiled Scot is a large subject which I hope to deal with one day. Wherever he goes he is almost appallingly patriotic. Thus I see from newspapers just to hand that he painted Natal red on St. Andrew's Day, under the auspices of the Caledonian Society, whose secretary, Mr. Fraser, sent out far and wide, from Johannesburg and Kimberley to Cape Town, the following jingle—

To Scotsmen all, South Afric o'er,
Fair Maritzburg sends greeting,
And wishes for them a rare splore
At their St. Andrew's meeting.

A regular Scots banquet was prepared, the menu beginning with kail and concluding with "Kebbucks, mites, an' a'." Added local colour was provided by Piper McAlister, who, as the haggis made its appearance, marched round the tables in his kilt and played the bagpipes, while among the toasts was a hearty one to the "Duke of Rothesay," whom few people will recognise as the Prince of Wales, on whom has devolved one of the finest of Scottish titles. The picture which recently appeared in *The Sketch* about the Highland sentry was much commented on at the gathering, and appears to have caused a tremor in the colony. Natal, I may say, has always been a favourite with Scots, and not a few among those who toasted St. Andrew so zealously at Maritzburg were born in South Africa and had never yet had a chance to go "home." It is probably owing to the fact that so many residents of Natal have Scots blood that the colony has, on the whole, acted far more prudently than have its sister states.

The Socialist settlement in Paraguay which has caused so much heart-searching is now equipped with a little monthly paper called *Cosme*, in which some curious facts as to the beginnings of the colony

are set forth. Although the settlement—mainly composed of Australians—was started only some three or four years ago, Cosme claims to have already settled the great food question, and though the stalled ox is certainly lacking, not only a free breakfast-table, but a free dinner, seems to be the happy right of every Cosmeist. The colony has been, on the whole, vegetarian, from necessity rather than choice, and *Cosme* joyfully announces that "pig-meat should be a regular article of diet this coming year." So well, from a practical point of view, have the Socialists prospered, that the Government of Paraguay has granted the colony six leagues in consideration of seventy-two families being settled in by the June of 1898. Of interest to us all in these days of complicated modern life is the fashion in which the settlers have solved the question of household work. There is a common dining-room where food can be not only eaten on the spot, but from which also it can be taken away. The unmarried women are not considered on the colony's working strength, but they are expected to look after the washing and mending of the single men. The actual government of the settlement is decided at weekly meetings of a committee, no one member being considered more important than the other, and as everybody tries to help everybody else, there is a steady tendency to get the right man into the right place, whatever the job. This Socialistic paradise is, it seems, only ten pounds to fifteen pounds from London, but those who would fain make a new start in Cosme will have to make up their minds to work; there is no room for drones in Cosme.

A striking black-and-white drawing of the divine Duse as Santuzza appears in *La Vita Italiana* (published in Rome), which has started a new series as a large octavo.

Blanket-collecting is becoming a favourite fad in America, and there is keen competition for the blanket produced by the Navajo Indian of New Mexico and Arizona. It is the most beautiful sort of thing in the world, but it is likely to become as extinct as the dodo. Indeed, it is a generation since a Navajo blanket of the very first quality was woven, for even the wild Indian's untutored mind can grasp the fact that it is better to earn a steady pound or two a-week than to devote a year to producing a piece of work for which a buyer may or may not be found. To the Indian, colour is a part of his religion, and the true old Navajo blanket is as perfect in its colour-scheme as in its weaving. Beds and bedding seem a matter of absorbing interest to many people, and more than one celebrity never stirs without being accompanied by his own couch.

By the way, I recently heard some American Indian songs that caught my fancy. Every primeval feeling has been translated by the Indian into beautiful music. The Iroquois were famous for their war-songs, which none but the "braves" were allowed to sing. The Sioux composed wild airs to which were performed weird ghost-dances, and from all time love and hatred, and birth and death, have inspired the Indian composer with epithalamiums and laments possessing a rare quality of beauty. Surely it is time that some organised effort was made to gather together the song-lore of the world. Individuals have given up their lives to the task, but there are among us tribes and even nations which are disappearing from the earth's surface, and of whom a great deal less is even now known than of the sayings and doings of those who lived thousands of years ago.



TOMB OF DESCARTES, STOCKHOLM.



STATUE OF DESCARTES, TOURS.

The good people of Blackheath trooped out last Thursday to see the third performance of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," by local amateurs under the direction of Mr. W. J. Robertson, by whom the piece was originally produced in town. The part of Captain Courtenay (Miss Brown) was taken by Mr. Robert Whyte junior, who enacted the dual character with much adroitness, and scored a success. He was well supported. The piece was capitally mounted. The performances were in aid of St. John's Hospital, Morden Hill, and Homes for Waifs and Strays.

Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, who successfully resumed on the Criterion revival of "Betsy" his old character of "Dolly" Birkett, is still, as

them, and, until that worthy was instructed to suspend his work and retire during rehearsal, no progress could be made. At last the stage-manager began to grow suspicious, and on a certain day came to the theatre before his usual time, and did not go to his customary place. Mr. Carpenter was very busy with a plane, labouring as though work were his object in life. After a while there came a shrill whistle from one of the scene-shifters, and the industrious carpenter took up a heavy hammer and began to make all the noise he knew just as a singer appeared. Thereupon the assistant stage-manager called out from the prompt side, asking the busy workman to go to the city whose streets are paved with good intentions, and to cease the adjectived disturbance. Thereupon Mr. Carpenter smiled, as a man will when he knows his business,



Angela (Mrs. A. Keen), Miss Brown (Mr. R. Whyte), and Euphemia (Miss M. Harrison).

EUPHEMIA: Come along, Miss Brown, you're to sit by me.
ANGELA: No, she shan't; you black thing!



Major and Mrs. O'Gallagher (Mr. Davies and Miss Hannam), and Capt Courtenay (Mr. Whyte).

CAPTAIN COURTENAY: What is it?
MRS. O'GALLAGHER: Why, the cake, of course.
MAJOR O'GALLAGHER: Julia, you're a wonder!



Sergeant Tanner (Mr. George A. Calder), Miss Brown, and Euphemia.

SERGEANT TANNER: Well, I'm jiggered!
MISS BROWN: Hullo! here's a gentleman jiggered!



Angela, the Major, Clara (Miss Long-staff), Matilda (Miss P. Smith), Euphemia, and Millicent (Miss N. Merryweather).

Major O'Gallagher introducing Angela Brightwell as the Countess of Pullborough.

"THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MISS BROWN," AT BLACKHEATH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYLAND, BLACKHEATH.

formerly, one of the best representatives of the rôle originally created by the late Lytton Sothorn. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault has been in America for some time past, and I have referred now and then to his doings *outré mer*.

In stageland the ways of the master-carpenter are wonderful and admirably thought out. He is usually paid by the week, so that his object in life is, not unnaturally, to do as little as may be possible for his little feed of corn. Unfortunately for him, the average stage-manager is also gifted in the various tricks of his trade, and the result is that a war of wits is ever raging, with varying success. At one of our very big variety houses the luck has, for some time past, been with the carpenter. On certain days in the week there is a rehearsal, and some vocal turns are usually tried. The stage-manager usually found that the singers lodged complaints against the carpenter, whose hammering disturbed

and promptly retired up stage to read a paper and chew tobacco. Nothing was said, but on the following morning Mr. Stage-Manager appeared unexpectedly, and called the carpenter. "I have a lady coming here to sing in a few minutes," he said quietly, "so I thought I would tell you in time, that you might get your hammer ready." There are no more disturbances at rehearsal now, but the carpenter goes about his work with the look of a man who has been wronged.

Playgoers in both Old and New Worlds are having their fill of Shaksperian revivals. Besides Mr. Richard Mansfield's reproduction of "The Merchant of Venice," and Mr. Augustin Daly's "Much Ado," with Miss Ada Rehan as Beatrice, Miss Margaret Mather, an actress well known on the other side, is about to appear in "Cymbeline" early in January. This also will be at New York.

A magnificent specimen of the Scots deerhound is Selwood Morven, the property of Mr. H. Rawson, of Joppa, Midlothian. He is by Selwood Hoolachen out of Selwood Flora, and is a blood relation to many of the best-bred deerhounds of the day. As his name, Morven, indicates, he was bred by Mr. R. Hood-Wright, and was born in April 1894. His first appearance in the show-ring was made at Liverpool in January 1895, when he scored first in the class for sporting puppies. In the following month he was seen in London, at Craft's Show, where he got two firsts and two special prizes. Since then he has gone on from success to success, and is now the holder of four championships, a gold medal, the twenty-five guinea plate founded by the late E. Weston-Bell, F.Z.A. (which is the most valued and coveted honour in the deerhound world), besides over fifty first and special prizes. He stands 32½ in. high at the shoulder, while his girth is 34½ in. He is a heather-brindle; his form is perfection; he has a typical skull, his head being long and narrow, tapering gradually from the ears; he has lovely soft and bright dark eyes; his legs and feet are of the best, and his coat is perfect in quality and texture. He is already the sire of some splendid puppies, who promise with him to carry on his honoured name for years

English Bible (Isaiah ix. 2). And has Mr. Burgin actually never read Henry Vaughan's beautiful lines beginning with the words—

Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy?

I fear that "poor Philip Marston" would, after all, have preferred the grammar of Miss Behenna's "informing spirit" to that of Mr. Burgin.

The good old story of infected coin is on the round again, and if what alarmists now say is true, the only happy man among us should be he whom bad luck has brought to the workhouse, for there few have the handling of filthy lucre. Of course, it is quite true that there is nothing quite so cosmopolitan and universal as money, and the progress of a coin would make a very curious, and not improbably a very thrilling, narrative. Against one disgusting and truly filthy habit it is well to raise a protest, and that is that of putting coins in the mouth while taking or handing change; but then, the type who can be guilty of such an offence is not likely to be reached by any fear of bacteria. On some coins recently analysed were found germs of pus-forming "cocci" sufficient in themselves to cause boils, abscesses, and even



THE SCOTS DEERHOUND SELWOOD MORVEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. PARSONS, EDINBURGH.

to come in numberless shows and the most celebrated deerhound kennels. Champion Selwood Morven's portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Harry S. Parsons of Edinburgh, the winner of the gold medal in the Art Section of the Scottish Kennel Club Show.

Mr. Burgin, whose "Diary of a Bookseller" appears week by week in *To-Day*, is very severe upon Miss Behenna's "History of a Soul," an odd sort of poem which sets out to describe the various incarnations of the late Philip Bourke Marston, from Rameses II. down to the most recent apocalypse known to contemporaries. Mr. Burgin is not only severe, but superior also. "I should like to look after the grammar of the informing spirit," he declares, "who led Miss Behenna into the perpetration of the following couplet—

"Perfect in soul, in body, heart, and mind,
Upon thy brow a majesty, then shined."

"I should have liked," he adds, "also to hear poor Philip Marston's criticisms on this wondrous production. He was ever a stickler for niceties of expression." I know nothing of the poem in question, but the quotation and the comment show that the critic is anything but a "stickler for niceties of expression." "Shined" is, of course, a form open to any writer to use. "Upon them hath the light shined," says the

blood-poisoning. As is natural, it was discovered that there are many more bacilli to be found on a copper than on a silver coin. We in this country are well rid of the plague of paper-money. Who has not seen a filthy Italian note or greenback, which, were it not considered the equivalent of coin, would have been, in all probability, burnt as far too dirty for the waste-paper basket or rubbish-hole?

"A gem of purest ray serene" indeed in the way of "fine writing" is an American music-hall critic's description of Papinta, a mirror-dancer, of Hispano-San Franciscan origin, whose exploits are thus immortalised in dithyrambic prose. The enthusiastic journalist begins by referring to "a nimble, lithe figure of grace, symmetry, and beauty, performing circles amid the maze, with waves of a fluffy gown, while fleecy clouds of lace and silk are tinged with ever-varying colours like a rainbow." Again, "a large V-shaped mirror reflects every movement, as well as creating the optical illusion of fifteen Papintas dancing." Soon "a billowy mass of drapery is describing eccentric circles in unison with the music, amidst the tints of opalescent flame." My brain reels, and my hand is getting tired, but I must still note the "multiplied reflections, swirling and sweeping robes and bewildering changes of lights and positions" whereby "a perfect phantasmagoria is mirrored upon the mind." There's a picture for you! High falutin' in excelsis!

I wish Mr. Labouchere would vary his Christmas show by giving us an exhibition of dolls of different nations. Something of the kind, but strictly on national lines, has just been organised in Paris, and not only historical costumes of every period, but also the beautiful picturesque dresses which are, alas! fast disappearing from provincial France, will show the *fin-de-siècle* French child the infinite possibilities of "dolly." Every country in the world can boast of a national doll or set of dolls, and such a collection would prove far more effective than any geography lesson, for the dolls of every country reflect not only the nation, but also its habits, costumes, and climate. Thus the infant Eskimo has a furry doll, while the African picaninny's plaything is stark naked. From time immemorial the dolls played with in all Indian wigwams have been clothed in buckskin, and every child in the Klowa tribe possesses a doll-stick on which are mounted and set astraddle three or four tiny horsemen. But the greatest doll-lovers in the world are the Japanese, and it is a curious fact that the costumes for the many delightful Japanese plays with which we have been lately favoured were to a great extent designed from dolls, for both in China and Japan can be purchased tiny figures whose dress illustrates every class, profession, and rank, from the Mikado to the public executioner.

Little Tich has followed up his appearance as Lord Tom Noddy at the Garrick and his recent successful engagement at the Folies-Bergère by a legitimate triumph in pantomime at the Palace, Manchester. At that house he is (*mirabile dictu!*) sustaining the title-character in "Bluebeard," and an intensely amusing performance his embodiment of that much-married man seems to be. In the same pantomime Miss Katie James, who was a colleague of his at the Garrick, is gaining much favour as Fatima.

As a rule, the practical journalist is a man who has the most "theories," as Mulvaney called them, and the least amount of "worrucks"; in a word, he is practical in nothing but journalism. But of such are not the gentlemen of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Budget*

staffs. They have been holding Santa Claus parties for the poor folk of South and East London. On Monday of last week the crypt of St. Peter's, Walworth, saw a gay party of two hundred sexa-, septua-, and octogenarians regaling themselves on seasonable fare supplied by the generosity of the readers of the *Westminster Gazette* and *Budget*. Most of the staff of these papers were present, and

assisted in making the old folks remember the days of youth. Wicked people! They incited the very oldest to shake their bones in "Sir Roger de Coverley" and other antiquated whirlings. Four hundred youngsters of the East were feasted in the crypt of St. Philip's, Stepney, on Wednesday; on Thursday the poor at Lavender Hill were high-tea'd; and there are several more parties to come off. In addition to being fed, the guests received handsome presents of clothing and groceries. This is practical journalism shaking hands with practical Christianity.

If the artists who produce a certain class of Christmas and New Year cards have the luck to possess a strong trade union and a 'cute copyright solicitor, they are on velvet, for Dame Nature has been infringing their rights. For a reasonable fee and my expenses I will appear as a witness on behalf of the prosecution. During the festive season, and while the voice of the tip-cadger has been loud in the land, I have been countrywards in pleasant parts where the warm air and bright sunshine have almost tempted Mother Earth to send a few green shoots in search of spring. There was but one drawback to my happiness, the frequent appearance of preconceived pieces of landscape. I came across long avenues of bare trees with evergreens beneath, where the sunlight, filtering through on to patches of golden and russet leaves, lighted the decay with the primitive colouring of a Christmas card. A cottage peeping from the outskirts of a wood, a secluded dell aggravated by the appearance of a plump robin in the foreground, these things gave evidence that Nature is lowering herself to the depth of her imitators. Now, as an old friend of the lady, as one who has studied her in many countries and divers moods, I protest most strongly against this pandering to popularity. In this critical age our gods depart from us. Even Shakspeare is flouted, and he once had a stronger hold upon the culture-impregnated temperament than Nature could ever hope for. If the country is permitted and encouraged to put on this Christmassy appearance, if robin redbreasts, picturesque cottages, old women carrying firewood, a never-ending succession of staring holly-trees, and similar vulgarisms, are permitted to flourish unchecked, Nature will lose her prestige and become out of fashion with the world of culture.

Mr. Harry Foster McClelland, the author of "Cinderella," this season's pantomime at the New Pavilion Theatre—"the Drury Lane of

the East," as it is proudly called—had all his work cut out in preparing his present batch of Christmas annuals. Thus, he is responsible for the libretti of "Whittington and his Cat," at the Eden Theatre, Brighton, where he is himself playing the part of the Emperor; of "Little Red Riding Hood" at Barnsley; of "Beauty and the Beast" at Swansea; of "Aladdin" at Great Yarmouth; and of others at Blackpool and Stockport; and he is part author of "The Forty Thieves," at the Royal, Sheffield. Mr. McClelland, who is a capital exponent of villains in melodrama, has had journalistic experience in the North of Ireland, and he has now become one of the most prolific and successful of pantomime librettists. Mr. Fred Locke, Mr. Wilton Jones, Mr. T. F. Doyle, Geoffrey Thorn, and one or two more, are at the top of the tree in this branch of dramatic work.

Here is a portrait of Dan Leno's daughter Georgina, who is figuring in the pantomime "Little Cinderella," at the Grand Theatre of Varieties, Clapham, to which I referred last week, and in which the children of several music-hall people are appearing. It is written by Mr. J. Bernard Dickson and Mr. Harry Randall; the scenery is by Mr. Dan Leno, and the dresses were designed by Mr. Herbert Campbell. The "little people" with big names in the cast were as follows—

Little Cinderella	...	Miss GEORGINA LENO.
		Daughter of Dan Leno.
Prince Caramel	...	Miss VESTA LEONARD.
Dandini	...	Miss MINNIE LEONARD.
		Daughters of Bob and Jenny Leonard.
Fairy Godmother	...	Miss LULU RANDALL.
		Daughter of Harry Randall.
Baron	...	MASTER MONTE CARLY.
Buttons	...	MASTER GUS DANTEL.
		Son of J. Sparrow.
Flossie	...	MASTER THOMPSON.
Birdie	...	MASTER CHARLES DENIFER WARREN.
		Son of Marguerite Fish and Charles Warren.
First Huntsman	...	Miss ISSY HOWARD.
		Daughter of Lizzie Howard.
Danseuse Assoluta	...	Miss EDITH KING.
Contortionist	...	MASTER SARINA.
		Son of Sarina.

Miss Leno, who makes her first appearance, is a graceful child, and inherits much of her father's humour.

Notable successes in pantomime have been made in the country by some artists. Miss Lottie Collins, for instance, at the Prince of Wales's, Liverpool, seems, as the Princess (principal girl) in Mr. J. James Hewson's "Aladdin," to have equalled her still-remembered triumph in the "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" year at the Grand, Islington. Miss Minnie Hunt, as I predicted, is making a charming Cinderella at the Manchester Royal, where Mr. Tom Craven is the Baroness. Mrs. Craven (Miss

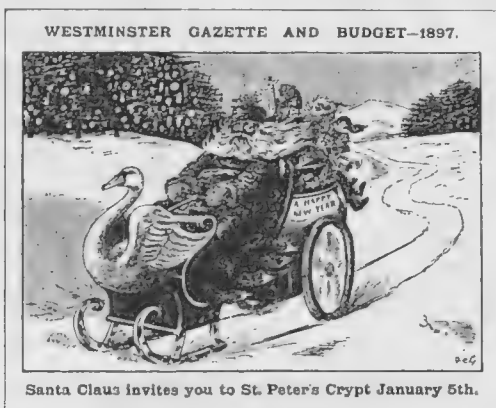
Constance Moxon) being a capital "principal boy" at another Cottonopolis house. Birmingham is indeed well favoured this season, two music-hall "stars," Mr. Eugene Stratton and Mr. George Robey, scoring huge successes respectively as Peter the page in "Cinderella" and Idle Jack in "Dick Whittington," other bright luminaries in the Midlands being Misses Mabel Love, Louie Freear, Alexandra Dagmar, and Marie Loftus, while I must not forget Mr. Austin Melford and Miss Annie Halford. But my list would, were I to attempt to make it exhaustive, stretch out well-nigh "to the crack of doom."

The choir-boys of Fairford Church figured in "Cinderella" on Thursday. This is the eighth consecutive year they have given

what is practically a small pantomime. This year they had seven performances, in addition to one for the children of the place. Fairford is quite a small country place of less than 1500 inhabitants, and the boys are school- or errand-boys. Cinderella was impersonated by Master P. Price.



MR. DAN LENO'S DAUGHTER GEORGINA.
Photo by Treble.



MASTER PRICE AS CINDERELLA.

Curiously interesting was the art exhibition organised by the owners of Mellin's Food. Rarely has the Queen's Hall housed such a motley collection as it did last week. The fact that £1000 was to be distributed in prizes, and the admission of all sorts and conditions of exhibitors, from children with the very crudest idea of drawing to artists of established repute, combined to make the display one of infinite variety. The division



HOW THE QUEEN'S HALL LOOKED AS MELLIN'S ART GALLERY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

of the exhibits into classes rendered the fortunes of war fair to the very widely differing amount of talent called forth by such a competition. The judges included Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. The photographic section contained many interesting exhibits. The highest prize, £100, was carried off by Mr. H. J. Dobson for his oil-painting, "The New Toy." Miss Florence Castle took third prize in Class C and fourth in Class A (both oils). Herewith I reproduce Mr. F. Tennant Potter's "The Path of Art," which took the first prize in the section of water-colours for art students and amateurs.

A very curious thing happened in Leicestershire the other day. I have never heard of a case exactly parallel, but perhaps some of my hunting readers may know of one. On the day named the Cottesmore and Belvoir hounds fixed their meets for places about two miles apart. The Cottesmore found a fox in their first draw, and hunted that fox slowly to a covert named Witham Wood. When Gillson, the Cottesmore huntsman, reached Witham Wood, he was met with the news that the Belvoir were at that moment running a fox in the covert. Gillson, of course, stopped his hounds as soon as he could, got them together, and trotted off to seek a fresh fox. Now mark what followed. While Gillson was getting his hounds together, the fox the Belvoir were bustling in covert slipped away, and the Cottesmore, trotting off, happened to cross his line a field or two from Witham. Naturally, hounds spoke to it at once, and raced screaming away on a hot scent to give the field a capital run of forty minutes, half of it at racing pace over grass. Five minutes after the Cottesmore broke away on the line of that fox the Belvoir hit it off from Witham Wood, and, all unconscious of what their neighbours were doing in front, gaily raced after them for about fifteen minutes.

A year or two ago, two packs running for all they were worth passed each other on the slope of a hill; luckily, the fields had elected to ride one high and the other low, or there might have been some horrible accidents. Another very curious thing happened in December of last season in the Burstow country. I must premise that it was a foggy day, or the incident would appear impossible. Soon after the Burstow pack had been thrown into covert, the field heard hounds running and, of course, followed; after a nice gallop of about three miles they discovered they were following not the Burstow, but the Warnham Stag hounds, who had been drawing for an outlying stag close to the covert the Burstow were drawing for a fox. The deer ran a ring round and, guided surely by an imp of mischief, sought refuge in another wood which Burstow again were drawing; and, to add a finishing touch, some young gentlemen on foot were working a few couple of beagles for a hare close by. Foxhounds, staghounds, and beagles got so hopelessly mixed that there was nothing left for it but to take the lot to a barn and draw the hounds by name.

The exciting sport of whaling will soon be a thing of the past, for an electric harpoon has just been invented by an old whaler of Halifax, Captain Charles Herschal, who claims that his invention will deal instantaneous death to the oil-producing Cetacean. This will, indeed, be electrocution *in excelsis*, for the dynamo employed will be capable of administering a shock of ten thousand volts—in other words, the shock will be powerful enough to kill five whales. Attached to the dynamo will be a wire rope, heavily insulated, and of sufficient length to be run out a distance of ten thousand feet into the water. The whalers in charge of the harpoon will have to be extremely careful when handling it, for

merely touching the barbed steel point would mean instant death. Of course, there is one thing to be said, and that is, that if the harpoon performs half the work it is said to be going to do, the whale will soon become as extinct as the dodo, for whereas a boat's crew up to the present time can rarely look forward to "bagging" more than one whale a-day, Captain Herschal's harpoon will be able to destroy a whole school of whales in a few hours. The invention is, therefore, looked at by those who regard whaling as a sport with very mixed feelings.

There are worse things in the world of sport than wild-geese shooting, and till latterly the goose-shot's happy hunting-ground was thought to be on the banks of the Mississippi River. Now, however, those "in the know" make their way to Southern California, for there wild geese and ducks abound, and feed upon the wheat and barley left on the ground of the golden grain-fields when the threshing season is over. The fact that a considerable number of geese-hunters have made a point of going there each October and November need not interfere with the ordinary sportsman, who will, on the contrary, get many valuable hints from these men, for there is no game quite so wary as the Pacific Coast goose, and not only patience but some knowledge of the habits of the bird is required before good sport can be enjoyed. One of America's best shots, Dr. Seward Webb, accompanied the Vanderbilt party when the latter went to California in the November of 1881. He and three other friends brought back, as a result of a couple of days' wild-geese hunting, two hundred and seventy-three geese.

An American menagerie is not the sort of place most young people would care to celebrate their fourteenth birthday in, and perhaps even that very much up-to-date young lady, Miss Johanna Barnum-Bailey, would have preferred Professor Gardner's cage in an African jungle if she had been offered a choice. Having no choice, she sat down before an applauding public to her birthday banquet, resplendent in a coat of many colours, with lapels decorated with buttons in the latest and most approved American mode, and, in her saucily cut bloomers, was the admired of many admirers. She handled her knife and fork deftly, and poured out her coffee, but the watchful reporters noted a tendency to over-indulgence when the wine was produced. She used her serviette and tooth-pick as a matter of routine, but her habit of occasionally throwing sawdust at her guests showed she was only a gorilla after all.

An American scientist has been inquiring into the vital statistics of the African elephant, and finds them to be in a very bad way. Every year, for the last five decades, about sixty thousand elephants have been slaughtered in Africa to supply the six to seven hundred tons of ivory required for the annual manufacture of billiard-balls, knife-handles, piano-keyboards, and the hundred-and-one other nicknacks of civilisation. The result is, of course, that the elephant is found in abundance



THE PATH OF ART.—F. TENNANT POTTER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

only in the centre of Africa, and even there will, before many years, become exterminated. It cannot escape this fate with a motley crowd of enemies after it: the Hamram hunters, with their double-edged Damascus swords; Arabs and Europeans, with rifles of all descriptions; and, worse than all, crowds of natives that surround whole herds and burn them to death by firing the "bush" in the dry season.

General and sincere is the sorrow in Berkshire and Hampshire at the news that Mr. T. C. Garth has resigned the active duties of Master of the pack which bears his name. Colonel Van de Weyer and General Leir-Carleton are to officiate as field-masters for the rest of the season, at the end of which Mr. Garth will altogether withdraw from the direction of affairs. Mr. Garth is one of the Nestors of English fox-hunting; it is forty-seven years since he took over a portion of what was then Sir John Cope's country, and ever since he has hunted the district with consistent success, showing capital sport and enjoying the respect and regard of all. His retirement at the age of seventy-five, and after forty-seven years' active mastership, is due to failing health.

A gentleman writing apropos of Mr. Garth's retirement suggests that the event offers an excellent opportunity to convert the Royal Buckhounds into foxhounds, and give them exclusive rights over that portion of Mr. Garth's country which the two now share, while the surrounding hunts absorb the remainder of his territory. The suggestion is an excellent one; but would it not be well before making these arrangements to ascertain Mr. Garth's intentions concerning his hounds? He may, as Masters have so often done in like cases, present the pack to the members of his hunt, who, in any case, as subscribers, would have something to say about the distribution of their country.

The "herring" is a comparatively recent institution in County Antrim, but, under the capable



MR. T. C. GARTH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

mastership of Mr. Howard Campbell, of Rathfern, White Abbey, has become immensely popular in the country about Belfast and Larne. Neither foxhounds nor harriers hunt in this district, and the farmers and busy men of the Ulster metropolis find an admirable substitute in the drag. Mr. Howard Campbell has a grand riding country at his disposal, and large fields meet his pack every hunting-day, sportsmen coming long distances to enjoy the sport and exercise his hounds provide. There are numerous packs of drag-hounds in England and Ireland, and there can be no question but that the "herring" has advantages, besides requiring horsemanship of him who would see the fun. The "scent" of asafoetida or aniseed-soaked rags is so certain and strong that hounds cannot lose it, and simply race from the moment they are laid on, and when a hard rider lays the trail the followers have their work cut out for them to live near the pack. There is no outlay for fox-preserving or earth-stopping, no poultry or covert funds to keep up; no expenses, in fact, but the maintenance of the kennel. The farmers of the district can point out the line they prefer should be taken over their lands, and thus there need be no fear of wire, and no unpleasantness through riding over new grass or seeds. On the day the photograph was taken from which our illustration is reproduced, the meet was at Ballymullock, near Larne, the residence of Mr. J. C. Kirkpatrick, J.P. The picture shows the field on the point of starting for a gallop of nine miles, in course of which two cheeks occurred to give horses the "breathers" the pace of drag-hunting renders necessary.



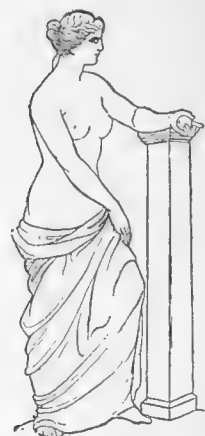
DRAG-HOUNDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYD, LARNE.

VARIETIES OF VENUS.

There is something very fascinating in an insoluble problem, and among those that have attracted the most attention is that of the position of the missing arms of the Venus of Milo. Scarce a sculptor in the Old or in the New World but has openly or secretly longed to render perfect the statue which, even in its mutilated form, has become and remains the greatest glory of the Louvre collections. Curiously enough, no two artists agree as to how the creator of the Milo

Venus first imagined his work; and yet, if written testimony is worth anything, the mystery has surely been solved, for the famous French Admiral, Dumont d'Urville, when a young naval lieutenant, was one of the few who saw the statue in its primitive condition on the island of Melos, some time before the French Ambassador to Constantinople had bought the Greek chef-d'œuvre for the French Government. According to d'Urville, the statue was then perfect; the left arm and hand held high an apple, while the right caught up the drapery round the base. But the lovely Venus was, as have been so many of her sisters before and since, made in

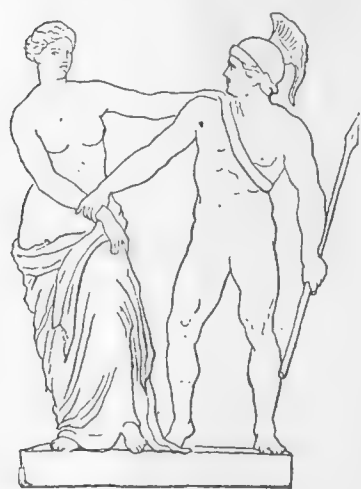


VENUS AND THE APPLE.

By M. Furcaengler.

a very real sense the cause of battle; for when the officers and men of the French brig *Estafette* saw that there was going to be a difficulty made as to their right to carry off the treasure, they determined to try the effect of force, and accordingly a fierce fight between Turks, Greeks, and French raged round Venus. The battle resulted in the victory of the French, who, when dragging their spoil triumphantly to the boat that was waiting to receive her, broke off the arms, and, what was, perhaps, even more unpardonable and unfortunate, left these Marmorean perfections on the beach.

And so poor Venus stands, not only minus arms, but deprived of the prize so gallantly awarded to her by the beautiful shepherd, and, of the many who have tried to reconstitute her as she was, only a certain M. Tarral has made any attempt to follow the very clear indications laid down by M. Dumont d'Urville.



VENUS AND MAIRS.

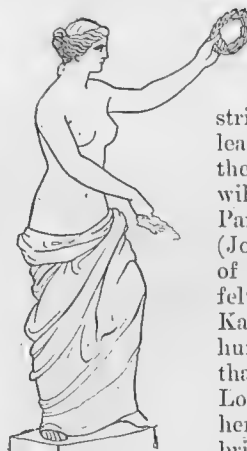
By M. de Quincy.

Incredible as it now seems, the fact that the world-famous statue was not tampered with by some would-be restorer is due to the good taste of Louis XVIII., who, if only for that reason alone, deserves well of posterity. By the way, M. Tarral is one of the few Englishmen who have adopted French naturalisation, and up to the present time he has certainly been the most successful among the many who have attempted to improve on the work of Praxiteles. During the siege the curator of the Louvre had guards placed round the priceless statue, and when the Commune broke out the armless Venus was safely moved down into one of the vast cellars which lie under Catherine de Medici's palace. Here it remained for some weeks, during which time its fate was the subject of anxiety to artists.



VENUS THE ARTIST.

By M. Stillman.



VENUS CROWNED.

By Mrs. Bell.



A RESTORATION ACCORDING TO M. D'URVILLE AND M. DE TROGOFF.

clients, the air full of ribbon-ends and artificial flowers, is carefully and graphically described. Lord Liphook "conceives a genuine passion for a little French milliner,

who sews spangles on to snippets of nothingness at a table in the back of a shop." He secures an appointment with Mlle. Mélanie in front of the Argyle Baths. Then there comes a little bit of psychological theorising, which we should like Mrs. Norman to justify. Liphook is in love. "There was the unmistakable resistant pressure of the pavement against his feet (thus it seemed); which is seldom experienced twice in a lifetime—in the lifetime of such a man as Liphook, never." For Liphook was a man of the world, and "left the word love out of his *affaires de cœur*." Mrs. Norman knows the kind of man thoroughly, and describes him bitterly. The little dressmaker is merely "a scoop-shaped hat over a cream-coloured brow, a big dotted veil wonderfully bound about it"; but she serves very well to illustrate the moods of such a man as Liphook, who "was no more able to think over anything than a Hottentot." "Thinking is not a natural process at all," and Liphook "couldn't do figure-skating among the emotions." Indeed, the study of Lord Liphook is very close, and may be thought a little merciless.



VENUS AND THE DOVE.

By M. Saloman, of Stockholm.

"SOME WHIMS OF FATE"

Every time she puts her pen to paper, Mrs. Norman gives us something telling, striking, and full of the vigorous charm we have learned to associate with the work of "The Girl in the Karpathians." Mrs. Norman applies what we will call the "Karpathian" method to London and Paris in her new book, "Some Whims of Fate" (John Lane). There is the same sense of expectancy of originality, of delightful unfamiliarity, that we felt in conning the former delightful book. The Karpathians were not a happier hunting-ground for *l'imprévu* than are a Parisian *atelier*, a London milliner's show-room, in her expert hands. Mrs. Norman brings what in art-criticism is called a "fresh eye" to bear upon life. In her first story, which appeared in the *Yellow Book* and

excited a good deal of comment, she makes an excursion into *diablerie*, and very well she does it. We have heard talk of the profanity of this story. M. Dufour—in whom the author surely intends to

prefigure the master Degas—has a model for his great picture of the Man of Sorrows—a beautiful art-student called Wladislaw. "He suggested a newly hatched chicken to me; bits of the egg-shell were still clinging to his yellow down." Imagine the sudden advent of this simple-minded personage, dressed in his Christ-like robes of white, on a drunken supper-party of dissipated men and women in Dufour's rooms! The scene is strong, but there is no profanity in thus setting before us one of the possible results of a re-incarnation. Mrs. Norman's modern pessimism is evidenced in her comment on the scene of terror which followed. "It was a moment they never forgot. It carried no lesson, it gave no warning, it altered nothing, and was of no use, but it frightened them." The persons who shriek at profanity would doubtless have preferred a sentimental and unnatural repentance on the part of these sinners, but Mrs. Norman knows her Paris and her *vie de Bohème* too well to lend herself to any such false dawn as that.

"The Idyll in Millinery" deals with quite another class of subject. It reads like

a leaf out of one

of the modern-

life studies of the

De Goncourts.

The humours of

a milliner's show-

room and of her

clients, the air full of ribbon-ends and

artificial flowers, is carefully and graphically

described. Lord Liphook "conceives a

genuine passion for a little French milliner,

who sews spangles on to snippets

of nothingness at a table in the

back of a shop." He secures an

appointment with Mlle. Mélanie

in front of the Argyle Baths.

Then there comes a little bit of

psychological theorising, which

we should like Mrs. Norman to

justify. Liphook is in love.

"There was the unmistakable

resistant pressure of the pavement

against his feet (thus it seemed);

which is seldom experienced

twice in a lifetime—in the lifetime of such a man as Liphook,

never." For Liphook was a man of the world, and "left the

word love out of his *affaires de cœur*." Mrs. Norman knows

the kind of man thoroughly, and describes him bitterly.

The little dressmaker is merely "a scoop-shaped hat over a

cream-coloured brow, a big dotted veil wonderfully bound

about it"; but she serves very well to illustrate the moods

of such a man as Liphook, who "was no more able to think

over anything than a Hottentot." "Thinking is not a

natural process at all," and Liphook "couldn't do figure-skating among

the emotions." Indeed, the study of Lord Liphook is very close, and



VENUS AND MIRROR.

A Vienna Suggestion.



VENUS AND THESEUS.

By M. Ravaisson.



VENUS OF MILO, IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Stevenson's "Juvenilia" make the fourth and last volume of the "Miscellanies" in the Edinburgh edition. Mr. Colvin has given more of the uncollected writings than might have been expected, though none that a fastidious lover of Stevenson need much regret. The only criticism on his selection I have to offer is that the Vailima Prayers, which are added at the end, might have found a more fitting place in the forthcoming biography. Nearly the whole volume must be new to the reader, however ardent may be his devotion to Stevenson, who knows him merely from his published books. The paper on "Treasure Island," contributed to the *Idler* in 1891, is the only one popularly known. But even such as have foraged in early numbers of the *Portfolio* for traces of the friendly hand find much they have never hitherto seen, reprinted from old college magazines, or printed for the first time from manuscripts the writer valued enough to save from destruction.

The College Papers are not particularly distinguished, and yet they are very characteristic, which sounds like a contradiction in terms. They are like himself before he learnt to mix his ink with his own native charm. The points of view are Stevensonian; the style is homiletic, as it never left off being. Indeed, there is a good deal of the Rev. Mr. Stevenson in this volume, among other things a fragment of a treatise on "Lay Morals," a stalwart, wholesome attack on smugness, on materialism, on mediocrity of the soul, though with flat passages he would have grieved to think of as lying open to the world, stamped with his name only, and not with his art. How many know that in 1875 he wrote "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," and that it was published anonymously in a pamphlet by Blackwood? It bears at least one strong mark of his mind. Its generous belief in other people's generosity is, in this particular case, really pathetic, for he demands, or rather, suggests, that the clergy of the Church by law established should not only welcome back the Disruption Dissenters to the fold, but should repair such pecuniary losses as the seceders had suffered for conscience' sake. Here, printed without note or comment, the pamphlet can only puzzle the majority of English readers, into whose notion of a liberal education a knowledge of Scottish ecclesiastical history does not enter. Among the curiosities of the volume one should not omit to mention the precocious "Pentland Rising," written when he was fifteen, published in 1866, and yet, I believe, not Stevenson's first printed book, for all that.

But out of all the curiosities, the fragments, the discourses gathered under the head of "Juvenilia," one turns with most pleasure to the *Portfolio* essays of the early 'seventies, to the paper on "Roads," to the delightful one "On the Enjoyment of Unpleasant Places," and to the best of all, "Notes on the Movements of Young Children." Stevenson never showed a nicer sense of observation than in this last, and though it is written from the artist's point of view, yet he must be his own human self, and love the models whom he has been watching, in the dance and at their games, with such discriminating criticism. Finally, one may say the main interest in the new Stevenson papers is biographical. There is hardly an essay that does not, directly or indirectly, add something to his picture, or confirm what we know. In "Lay Morals," even, there is a page of autobiography, where, under the thin guise of the history of a friend, he tells of his Socialistic days. His was a very mild Socialism, it will be said, amounting to little more than a generous protest against his own good fortune. But it was hotly sincere, and even surprisingly advanced for Stevenson, who was not made of the stuff of rebels, whose only revolts were against broadcloth and a few other social conventions.

In the current number of *Blackwood* Professor Saintsbury discourses on his former profession. Critics should distribute the magazine gratuitously, for they are not likely to have anything better said of them than is said in "Twenty Years of Reviewing." It is not at all an amusing article—in spite of its subject, which is a constant inspiration to jokers. It is tremendously serious, and rather disappointingly judicial, for nobody is attacked, and nearly everyone concerned is counselled in a paternally tolerant fashion. But there are two very bright points about it. One is its recognition of the pleasure of reviewing; the other is the recognition of its use. Now, as to the pleasure, it is often denied by members of the profession, who groan, in public at least, over their burdens, and loudly curse the memory of Caxton. If they are sincere, they are surely in the wrong box. Here is a man whose words ring with the tone of sincerity, and who, after twenty years of reviewing, writes, "I have never in any kind of work enjoyed days more than such as these (days begun with an editor's packet on his breakfast-table), and a very large proportion of days of ostensible pleasure seem to me very dreary things in comparison." And though he listens patiently to the complaints against present-day reviewing, he will have it that even the worst review, if it be honest, "at least upholds the principle that there is a good and a bad in literature"; "that to admire bad art is a disastrous and terrible thing," and he believes that the reviewer, however blunderingly he performs his work, is a force in the progress of taste and morals. It is good hearing to learn that one may be counted something else than a log-roller or a publisher's hack, and it may chance to be believed here and there, coming from a dignified professorial chair, and in such temperate and judicial tones.

Under the title of "The Petrified Eye," the *Globe and Laurel*, journal of the Royal Marines, has republished eleven short stories, by

Captain Prury, R.M.L.I., that have appeared in its pages. The stories are one and all tales of social life afloat—social life as it is without fancy, additional colour, or imaginary incident. The author has selected and built upon facts and service yarns rather than merely invented. Such, at least, is one's opinion on reading the tales, and in that apparent fact-basis lies their charm and—in these days when things Naval are so much to the fore—utility. For these stories do for the Navy much what Kipling's tales do for the Army. The proceeds of the book, which is obtainable from the editors of the *Globe and Laurel*, Forton Barracks, Gosport, Hants, are devoted to the corps' journal.

The literary art of killing two birds with one stone is usually believed to be a prerogative of journalism; but the industrious Mr. Roger Pocock has carried it into the book world. In "Rottenness" (Beeman) he gives a "study" of America and England in a fashion frankly blue-booky and didactic. The tirade opens with an attack on the Press, especially as the gentle art is practised by the Yankee. You leave that chapter with the impression that the modern newspaper is muck; and yet out of this stuff Mr. Pocock builds a great deal of the structure which he calls a study. "Rottenness," in fact, is largely a series of newspaper cuttings not written round but knocked together with a hammer and tack, as a critic once said of a melodrama. The right of Anglo-Saxondom to dominate the world—that is Mr. Pocock's creed. It is the best civilisation, but it is not perfect—that is the working out of the thesis. The book is, on the whole, optimistic, but it is very crudely digested. Mr. Pocock, indeed, proves himself to be a very poor sociologist. He returns to the attack, so far as America is concerned, in the form of fiction. "Rottenness," in fact, is the key to "The Dragon Slayer" (Chapman and Hall). Mr. Pocock calls his novel a "parable." It is nearer the truth to call it a "paraphrase," for it is just Jekyll and Hyde dressed in American clothes. The "penny horrible" fades before the demoniacal melodrama that Mr. Pocock has constructed. A few leading lines will suffice. A gutter-snipe is adopted by a railway king. He tries to wreck the train in which his foster-father is travelling; he sinks with dynamite the ships belonging to his foster-sister (whom he almost succeeds in compelling to marry him); he burns down houses; he is, in short, Beelzebub up to date, and in such guise is known as Dr. Rex Clewston, the head of a detective agency. To his fellow-citizens he is the philanthropic Marshall Gault, editor and owner of the *Avenger*, which is believed to make entirely for righteousness. This newspaper-office adjoins the detective agency building, and the two are connected by a mysterious passage. The interest of the story consists in the unmasking of this demon by a young man called Brand Haraldson, whose Christian name indicates that Mr. Pocock knows his Ibsen. The whole thing is an impossible chamber of horrors. Jekyll and Hyde is possible only when it is treated with the fancy, the irony, the delicacy, and the humour of a Stevenson. Mr. Pocock is too vigorous to do it. He has simply manufactured a book of curdling crudities. o. o.

LAST WEEKS.

The imposing red posters which have emblazoned the walls of the Lyric Theatre since Jan. 4 last year now bear across them a label with the pathetic legend "Last Weeks, 'The Sign of the Cross.'"

So here's the farewell of the season,
I feel it is over at last—
The Michael who dallied with treason,
The Michael whose angel was fast.
Now Arden obliterates Zenda,
Svengali no longer is boss,
For everything comes to an end, ah!
And now it's "The Sign of the Cross."

Our Olga soon vanished with "Carmen,"
Fate slaughtered "The Mother of Three,"
"True Blue" and its comical tar-men
Went down in a merciless sea;
A pitiless populace blighted
St. Hulda (who lived in a *schloss*),
But ne'er have we felt so benighted
As losing "The Sign of the Cross."

We banished the poor little "Shop Girl,"
While Trilby went off to the West;
We buried the Gaiety pop. girl,
And wearied of "One of the Best."
Thus shifted the great panorama,
And yet there was little of loss,
For we clung to that evergreen drama,
The magical "Sign of the Cross."

Farewell to Superbus, the hero,
To Mercia further farewell,
A truce to the tactics of Nero,
No more shall Miss Stephanus yell.
The church will abandon the limelight,
And leave us all drivell in dross;
One can't make the tone of a rhyme light
In quitting "The Sign of the Cross."



SWIMMING ON DRY LAND.

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

From time to time ingenious persons have suggested the advisability of teaching young people to swim without the aid of water. Some few years ago every French child, using as a base a flat stool, was instructed in the art; but, alas! however perseveringly these efforts were carried

semicircular movement with their arms, they are quite satisfied, and only discover their mistake when in actual danger of drowning through exhaustion. It is therefore good to know that, before taking part in the Swimming Drill proper, the children are taught the necessary leg movements, followed by those of the arms, and only when fairly proficient in both are they taken through the combined drill, of which the movements are easily acquired, and which, if at first practised while each point is explained by the teacher, gives every pupil a general idea as to what he or she should do when in the water.

As is generally the case when anything in the shape of a gymnastic exercise is in question, the little Board School girls take very kindly to this portion of their drilling lesson, and they soon become movement-perfect, obeying each word of command with unflinching precision. But it is to be hoped that the Board will see its way to providing a good swimming-bath in connection with each large school or group of schools, for swimming is essentially an art in which ten feet of water are worth more than a mile of dry land.

Not infrequently the Swimming Drill is followed by a demonstration of the best means of saving life. It goes without saying that there are many swimmers who might with very great advantage attend this portion of the Swimming Drill, for in this, as in most things, there is a right and a wrong way of saving the drowning, and during the summer months of the year many valuable lives are sacrificed which might have been saved had would-be rescuers known how to set about the task they had set themselves. Again, every swimmer ought to be taught the method of carrying an insensible or exhausted companion

in the water. And this really valuable piece of information is imparted to the children in a very intelligent fashion. Curiously *fin-de-siècle* is the Release Drill, showing how to free oneself if clutched round the neck by a drowning person—a piece of knowledge which probably most people make very vigorous attempts to discover for themselves when the occasion for using it arises.

It is interesting to know that the costumes in which these land-babies disport themselves when indulging in Swimming Drill are not unlike ideal bathing-dresses, for the short-sleeved, loose jerseys, and small, full skirts, leave plenty of room for the play of the arms and legs.

out, a visit to one of the great floating swimming-baths which have made Parisians so far more amphibious than are Londoners reduced theoretical perfection to practical nullity. Now, however, the idea has been taken up very seriously by those who preside over the destinies of the London Board Schools, and one of the most interesting features of a late display of physical exercises given at the Albert Hall was an exhibition of a new method of learning to swim, combined with life-saving drill, which has been approved of, and, indeed, is taught by, the Life-Saving Society; and the intelligent fashion in which these exercises are carried out is sure, even if it does nothing else, to sow good seed, for lives there a child with soul and body so dead as not to wish to carry out in water curious and interesting aquatic exercises learnt on land?

Each swimmer, and, above all, every swimmer who has ever attempted to teach a friend the art, knows well that the chief difficulty is to inculcate in another the movements which appear so easy to oneself to accomplish. As a matter of fact, swimming is by no means easy to acquire, and requires as much practice as does almost any other branch of physical education. Confidence is, of course, all-important, and ensures a rapid mastery of what may be called the elements of the art; but confidence must be combined with a correct knowledge of the movements which facilitate floating with the head above water; and it is essential that each portion of the swimming stroke should be clearly explained, so that the learner may gain an easy knowledge of the various motions required to make a perfect swimmer. It is this knowledge which the Board School teachers are trying to inculcate as simply and clearly as possible in their pupils.

A considerable number of people never learn to swim with their legs at all, for, once they find they can "get along" by making the



BREAST SWIMMING: ARM MOVEMENTS.



A METHOD OF CARRYING AN INSENSIBLE PERSON IN THE WATER.



RESUSCITATION OF THE APPARENTLY DROWNED: FIRST POSITION, INDUCING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

Yet another section of the drill consists in the resuscitation of the apparently drowned. The class is divided up into quartets, one little girl lying flat on the ground while her companions make vigorous efforts to bring her "round"—among the most useful things taught being various

means of inducing artificial respiration. Miss Kingston and Miss S. Pestell, the two ladies who have really organised the Swimming Drill now gone through regularly by forty girls of the Morning Lane Board School, Hackney, are greatly to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.



RELEASE DRILL: SHOWING HOW TO FREE ONESELF IF CLUTCHED ROUND THE NECK.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."*

A superbly got up and illustrated "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" has been written to order by Mr. Baring-Gould to take the tide of the Napoleonic revival at the flood. Mr. Baring-Gould undertook the work with an unwillingness which the result has justified. The mass of material, even of recently exhumed material, to be assimilated is so enormous that it would take any man as many years as it has taken Mr. Baring-Gould mouths to digest it duly; while his bias against Napoleon is so decided and so insular, and even parochial, as to disqualify him for the colossal task set him. His point of view is rather that of a shocked Sunday School teacher, and you might imagine yourself reading the impressions of a member of the Young Men's Christian Association who has heard for the first time of the French Revolution, when you find a note devoted to such an exclamation as this, "A Christmas Day salutation from those who had dethroned God!" The biographer's anti-Napoleonic bias may be inferred from his accepting implicitly the calumnies of Barras, Bourrienne, and even of Madame Bourrienne. The following story and the comment thereupon will exemplify at once the prejudice with which the work was undertaken, and the haste with which it was executed—

That Napoleon's heart was already seared we may judge from an anecdote given by Madame Bourrienne, which her husband extracted from her notes: "One day after our second return from Germany we met Bonaparte. I recollect that a few days after he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that, being before Toulon, when he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His

wife came to Bonaparte, and with tears entreated that he would dispense with her husband's services that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us with a sort of savage exultation. The moment for the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval, when the firing from the town was very heavy, Bonaparte called out to him, 'Take care; there is a shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness."

"Bonaparte," comments Mr. Baring-Gould, "acted in accordance with his duty in not allowing himself to be swayed by the tears of the wife; but this does not excuse the manner in which he related the incident." The exultation described is so inconceivably devilish that you cannot imagine that even the silly and spiteful Madame Bourrienne herself really misunderstood Bonaparte. Nevertheless, Mr. Baring-Gould implicitly accepts and moralises on her account of the incident here, though, farther on in the book, he discredits it on the authority of Madame Junot. Madame Junot, who knew Bonaparte intimately all her life from her childhood, gives the obviously true explanation:—"In spite of all that Madame Bourrienne says, I maintain that at this period Napoleon was a very feeling man.

He had, in general, a bad delivery—I mean to say, he was not eloquent in his manner of expressing himself." But what becomes of the homily on Napoleon's callousness preached to us on a text which

is here admitted to be spurious? But, indeed, Mr. Baring-Gould is too much given to homilies, and occasionally his application of an Exeter Hall standard to such a man as Napoleon reminds you of the most amusing story in the book. Napoleon, when a lieutenant in the French Army, had a complaint lodged against him and his sister Pauline by his grandmother and to his mother of disrespectfulness to the old lady. His mother, having spanked Pauline smartly and sent her tingling and weeping to bed, insisted on administering the same chastisement to the young French officer! "But his military accoutrements and garments presented an obstacle, and Napoleon would not meet her desire half-way by accommodating himself to receive the chastisement." Next day, however, she resorted to this successful ruse. "Quick, Napoleon! You are invited to dine with the Governor." The young lieutenant, delighted, ran upstairs to his room and divested himself of his everyday garments. His mother seized the opportunity, rushed in, shut the door, and administered the deserved punishment with the flat of her hand. Napoleon told this story in Elba." Mr. Baring-Gould continually administers a similar chastisement to the Emperor for all the naughty things he did in the course of his career. In spite, however, of defects, due for the most part to haste, this superb volume is fascinating, while its most interesting part—the account of Napoleon's early years—will be new to the mass of readers. How dramatic the incident in these years of the flight for life from Corsica of the Bonaparte family! They escaped by night in a little boat which carried a cargo more historic than that which bore Caesar and his fortunes. "What a flight it was!" says Captain Bingham. "One exile became Emperor of France and King of Italy; another reigned first at Naples, then at Madrid; Lucien became Prince of Canino; Louis sat on the throne of Holland; Marie Anne became Grand Duchess of Tuscany; Pauline a Princess; Abbé Fesche a Cardinal." While of the two left in hiding in the island, Caroline was to sit on the throne of Naples, and Jerome on that of Westphalia. But all these glories were to be like the cloud of evening to which Mark Antony compares himself—

A vapour sometimes, like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon 't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Even with a thought
The rack dissolves; and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

THE POSTER GIRL.

She is quite the very newest, the most recent, up to date,
The Aubrey Beardsley maiden, slim and shy,
With her hair blue china fashion, like a lady on a plate,
And a hint of indigestion in her eye.
Her gown of cut æsthetic, and her arm a trifle lean,
Shoulders sloping from a figure rather tall.
You can tell her in a minute, when she comes upon the scene,
And poses like a poster on the wall!

For she always takes a corner, with a cushion and a palm,
A shaded light, or tapers burning low;
Her voice is low and pensive, and her manner sweetly calm;
All the eligible men she seems to know.
She talks of "Art" and "Literature" and "Musical Affairs,"
Or poses with her lips above a rose,
And even when she's flirting with a fellow on the stairs
She never seems to lose the poster pose!—*New York Herald.*



STATUE BY SEURRE.



BRONZE STATUETTE OF BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

In the possession of Prince Victor Bonaparte.

* "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen and Co.



MISS WOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

ON THE KEEPING OF CONVICTS.

I.—THE CASE OF THE CONVICT.

Is a convict's life such torture that men will risk a violent death or the rigours of winter on moorland wastes to cut and run from it? Reports are strangely contradictory, and the perplexed inquirer may well ask anxiously what penal servitude really means. The answer from one side, and, indeed, from one or two who have tried it, is, "that it is the most cunningly devised engine for crushing the beast out of a human being that the world has ever seen." Another side flatly contradicts the statement as the grossest exaggeration. That the sickly or the sensitive suffer and chafe under it may not be denied, but there is sound evidence to show that the life, albeit of irksome restraint, is healthful and health-giving, witness the low death-rate of convict prisons. That all alike do not condemn is a fact beyond dispute; this is proved by the well-known reluctance of many old hands to accept release, and their speedy qualification for a fresh sentence. Old lags who know the ropes return to "the boat," as penal servitude is known among them, with outspoken satisfaction, thinking it "a sight better than the workhus any day." Apart from the forfeiture of freedom, the absence of small creature-comforts, the surrender of all independent volition, in thought as well as in deed, the convict's lot compares favourably with that of the honest labouring poor. The work may be hard, yet it is for seven hours only, less than the Radicals' lowest limitation. There is a sufficient, if not excessive, dietary, ample clothing, a well-warmed private apartment for rest and relaxation, with books of fiction and the call upon a ghostly comforter as companion if so inclined. Is this existence so joyless and unbearable that a man of spirit would sooner face the buckshot of a whole platoon of straight-shooting warders than continue to endure it?

Not to all; but there are convicts and convicts, and some, it may be safely said, are never quite reconciled to their fate. Yet the hardships of their lot are not always the motive most strongly impelling them to take the first opportunity, so to speak, of an open door. No doubt, in common with all caged animals, a man imprisoned longs to go free. But this is not in itself sufficient explanation of efforts to escape from prison. What works upon the convict, even more than the craving for liberty, is the thirst for change. No one outside can fully realise the monotony of convict existence: the bare, barren routine; the "set grey life," with nothing to brighten and lighten it; the ceaseless round of unvarying "grind." The food supplied becomes, after years of repetition, so tasteless that men have been known to rejoice in the most nauseous medicine merely to have another taste in their mouths. There is no news inside—not news in the ordinary sense, although rumours of great events may filter through, brought in by transfers or dropped by careless officers. Nothing breaks the dull record but the Sunday services, the rare letters from friends, the still rarer visits. No wonder, then, that the craving for change grows maddening at times. It is this that leads to the occasional "break out," the senseless destruction of all prison property within reach, the savage, unprovoked assault upon any warder that passes near. This, too, is the incentive to escape, the motive that quickens the wits to utilise every chance—to pick up rusty nails, make saws of crinoline-hoops, file through bars, burrow underground, with unwearied patience—that gives courage to brave all dangers in the dash for freedom.

Yet the prisoner who breaks his bonds generally knows that the odds are greatly in his disfavour. He is playing, more or less certainly, a losing game. Pursuit will be keen and far-reaching; he can count upon no safe sanctuary; as he runs he leaves behind him a tell-tale trail of outrages, committed with the main idea of securing disguises and covering up his tracks. When at large his world is small; the widest publicity is given to his escapade, and almost every man's hand is against him. Pals, to protect themselves, will betray him; the reward offered may at any moment give him away; unless he can win his way abroad he is certain to be picked up sooner or later. It is, indeed, shown by our criminal records how surprisingly few permanently successful escapes from durance have been made in recent years. Seeing, then, that they are so handicapped, continually egged on by tormenting aspirations—as constantly doomed to disappointment, however bold or astute their action—the question arises whether they should be held so strictly to account when they attempt evasion. A convict yields to a natural instinct in taking to flight; if he at first eludes vigilance and gets away, his subsequent recapture may be counted upon with something like certainty. Are keepers, then, warranted in shooting down fugitive felons "on sight"? That they are legally justified in doing so there can be no sort of doubt. The common law permits and enjoins it, and this has been quite recently decisively endorsed by an opinion from the law officers of the Crown. Yet there is another great principle in English law which puts before everything the sanctity of human life. Is it right, is it necessary, to outrage this whenever a foolish, misguided felon embraces a seemingly tempting opening for escape? The question can only be answered by regarding it from another point of view.

II.—THE CASE OF THE KEEPER.

After all, what is a prison?—a boarding-school or a place of durance? Are those relegated to it free to come and go of their own accord, or are they to be detained for definite periods under judicious restrictions until they have expiated their offences in due process of law? Commonsense people will perhaps be disposed to think that the latter is the chief, if not the sole, *raison d'être* of imprisonment. Fifty years ago the great Duke of

Wellington told Lord Stanhope that he had observed a great error creeping into all modern theories of punishment, that of considering the reformation of the criminal the main and chief object. "Whereas, the point to be, in the first place, secured is the prevention of crime, and the impression made of the punishment upon the public mind." There are those who still strangely and weakly overlook the practical issue so clearly laid down by the old Duke, but the general public will hardly surrender its right to coerce criminals, nor wish to diminish the effectiveness of the penalty imposed. Granted, then, that prisoners shall be held as such while their sentences last, how can this be most surely and judiciously accomplished? We are here brought face-to-face with the old and everlasting controversy upon prison systems; we must decide between the relative merits and demerits of cellular confinement, of strict individual separation or isolation, and the association of numbers upon public works. The first was at one time recommended for universal adoption; many now denounce it for long terms as cruel and debasing. We in England use it but sparingly; we have long since preferred to employ the bulk of our convicts, the most heinous offenders, that is to say, out-of-doors. Rightly or wrongly, this has been the rule for many years past—in fact, since transportation ceased—and the results achieved have been conspicuous. Under no other system would it have been possible to construct the Portland breakwater, the splendid fortifications of the Verne, the vast dockyards now completed at Chatham and Portsmouth, the line of works defending the Medway, the reclamation of wide areas of waste land at Dartmoor, with so much successful stock-raising and general agriculture.

But for the admirable system in force these results would have been simply impossible. This system is based upon the close supervision of human authority in substitution of the mechanical restraints of walls and bars. How perfect it is, the surveillance, the mastery maintained, can only be appreciated when it is observed in actual operation. Go to Borstal and see the convict-train travelling out a couple of miles into the country with its load of felon workmen, note them diligently employed as navvies, wielding all manner of dangerous tools, and held in, so to speak, by a single thread; visit the Portland quarries, or the Dartmoor uplands, and watch the promptitude and precision with which the scattered parties are drawn into a focus on the first alarm of swift-rising fogs, and the excellence of the system will be fully realised. It is a triumph, really, of moral discipline; nothing more, so it seems upon the surface; but behind all, not too obtrusive, but tangible, undoubted, there is always the strong arm without which the whole machinery would undoubtedly fail. Vigilance, however keen and unrelenting, the power of command, however boldly exercised, would never alone give the few—and they are very few, no more than ten per cent.—their superiority over the many. At these large "works" prisons a single warder may and does control as many as twenty or twenty-five convicts, and, with but rare exceptions, they yield him complete and unquestioning submission. But that this would be the case without the stern backbone of armed authority is not to be supposed. The whole body of the convicts are overawed; they know full well that any overt act of theirs, resistance or flight, will bring them immediately into collision with the combined coercive strength of the establishment. It is always there, not too much paraded, ever present, ready to act at once, although in abeyance until emergency arises. To surrender this force, its preventive no less than its executive powers, would be to sacrifice everything.

It says much for the system that, with the many incentives already stated to outbreak and escape, the seeming strength of numbers in the one case, the many avenues and opportunities, the discipline of the convict prisons has been so admirably maintained. There have been no really serious combinations among these desperate crowds, nothing approaching a real mutiny, for years. Escapes have been few and far between; attempts may have been made, but only to fail in execution. The nearest to success was that at Portland, when the intending fugitive was buried by his comrades beneath a foot or more of loose earth, and might have got away but for the perseverance of the searchers. It was nearly certain that he had not left the island, yet it was drawn again and again without discovery; at last the warders took to pricking the ground with their bayonet-points, and soon literally "ran in" to their man. This was, no doubt, attempted evasion by stealth. At Dartmoor last Christmas it was a bold and open bid for freedom, checked peremptorily, as we know. If this summary means of arresting flight were withdrawn, say those to whom the power is entrusted, it would be as well to have no convict prisons.

MARY'S SUITOR.

The suitor asks—

Mary's fair and Mary's proud,
But I've broad lands and stores o' gowd;
She's proud blue e'en and yellow hair,
I've towers high and acres fair;
Oh, deem ye, mither, they'll avail
Wi' lovely Mary Martindale?

The mother answers—

Ye mun hae sailed the saut sea wave,
Ye mun hae tokens o' the brave;
O son of mine, you must be fair
To match her e'en and gowden hair;
Gin these ye've not, ye're sure to fail
Wi' lovely Mary Martindale.

F. M. HUEFFER.



QUEEN OF THE SNOW.



THE DUDE.



THE DUCHESS.



IN DEFENCE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



G. K. KING

FATHER: Look here, Tommy; what do you think of the new baby brother the doctor has just brought?

TOMMY: Why, he's got no hair! Oh! and he's got no teeth! You've been took in, father; he's brought you an old 'un.



BROWN : Is this beast over the chimney-piece your crest ?

JONES : Yes, killed by an ancestor.

BROWN : Ran over it with an omnibus, I suppose ?

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Leighton Exhibition, which takes the place of the customary Winter Show of Old Masters at the Royal Academy, has necessarily provoked a good deal of criticism. The first question which one asks is whether indeed the innovation was necessary at all, and whether some other opportunity might not have been found to do honour to the memory of the late President. Says the catalogue in its somewhat meagre account of Leighton: "When, in 1870, the Royal Academy began the series of Winter Exhibitions of Works by Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, he was one of the most active supporters of the proposal, and as a member every year of the Committee, and as President, took a most active part in organising the exhibitions, and the keenest interest in their success." It seems, then, a little curious, even a little sad, that the President's death should have been the immediate means of these deservedly famous exhibitions being discarded.

Anyway, here is the collection itself, and it is one which deserves no light or irresponsible treatment. The whole period of Leighton's artistic

acting always. The "Ariadne" irresistibly suggests Miss Ellen Terry and memories of the Lyceum. When this is said, what could in its way be more beautiful than the band of choral maidens, the trees, and the little town of the "Daphnephoria"? To turn suddenly to this great picture from those that surround it at the Academy is, perhaps, to experience a certain sense of chill. But that is not the fault of the picture itself, the delicious coolness of which quickly makes itself modestly apparent. The children of this canvas are also especially charming—deliberately, thoughtfully painted, yet never in that past meditation of the artist losing any of their childish sweetness. "Golden Hours," painted more than thirty years ago, is another picture to which one returns with growing pleasure. In point of colour, it is among Leighton's most memorable triumphs; here he really seems to link hands with the great past.

Mention should also be made of the lovely little landscapes that hang in the fourth room, which were presumably used by the artist as the basis of more elaborate work. Here you have the beauty of a great



[Copyright Reserved by the Artist.]

THE OUTER REEF.—GEORGE WETHERBEE, R.I.
EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

career is here covered, from the earliest 'sixties to the last sad year of his death. That which impresses itself with singular force upon anybody with eyes is the amazing lack of development in that powerful and popular life. One does not thereby mean to say that his work is, on that account, to be disparaged; but it is not altogether unnatural that achievement which won so cordial and emphatic a tribute of admiration when it was done in youth should receive no more than an equally emphatic tribute when done in later life. In a word, the "Cimabue" is as great a work as "Clytie," and the "Daphnephoria" pales no ineffectual fires before the splendours of "Flaming June."

The extraordinary difficulty of appraising Leighton's work at its right value lies in the fact that it is so curious a mingling of true and sham art, whether you regard it from the point of view of the drama or of the classical spirit. His figures, in nearly every instance, not only act, but know that they are acting. Take, for example, the "Romeo and Juliet": this is not, indeed, the death of Juliet as it was; it is the very effective reproduction of the scene as it happened upon the stage. And you feel about all, or nearly all, the reposing or posing figures of other canvases, that they are acting the part, some well, some ill, but

painter's "first vision," before it might be trammelled by detail, by carefulness, and by a possible over-studiousness. Of the portraits, the "Burton," the "Miss Sartoris," the "Mrs. Sutherland Orr," and various studies of heads must be included among Leighton's very best work, in which his observation was inspired by something in the mood of the sitter, and in which his technical skill is greatly, even grandly expressed.

Reproduced herewith is "The Outer Reef," a sea-picture by Mr. George Wetherbee, R.I., exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours. The sea dashes into foam against the rocks and curls around the Siren who, seated upon them, looks outward over the water for the victims of her guile. The elegant—there is no other word for it—combination of symbolism with realism is quite the most striking element in a picture that, well composed and well painted, is also dignified and suggestive.

That useful annual, "The Year's Art" (Virtue), appears with many improvements. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson contributes a *résumé* of the year's art, and the portraits are unusually good. Every aspect of art is treated, and the book becomes more and more indispensable.

PLAYS IN PRINT.*

There is much more than the fact of simultaneous publication in the apparent incongruous huddling together of the plays under notice. Differing mightily in point of value, place, and time, they all possess the common bond of readability. That is an impossible attribute of three-fourths of the popular theatre successes of the day, which happily never get beyond the stage of the type-written prompt-book.

While the excuse for the present editions of Goldsmith and Sheridan is that of the illustrated gift-book for the season, one does not tire of



CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND LYDIA LANGUISH.

One of Mr. E. J. Sullivan's Illustrations to "The Rivals" (Macmillan).

seeing the masterpieces of eighteenth century comedy in print; in such format as they are here presented they are unusually welcome. In point of editing there is not much to boast of. Mr. Joseph Jacobs has prefaced the Goldsmith with an introduction which has the merits of being informing and of being unpretentious. So painstaking an editor might, however, have headed the casts of the comedies with the time and place of production, instead of conveying the fact in the preface pages beforehand. He gratifies the modern's interest in a first-night audience by recalling the fact that on the memorable production of "She Stoops to Conquer," at Covent Garden, on March 13, 1773, Johnson, in Court mourning for the King of Sardinia, led the claque in the first row of a side box. Miss Chris Hammond might have lent an additional interest to her admirable illustrations by picturing that box in all its glory.

So ardent a Johnsonian as Mr. Birrell would possibly have been more interested in that sketch than he has been in editing Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of Sheridan, to which he has written a somewhat wobbly preface, composed in many moods. The first half of it might have been intended as a critique of Mr. Fraser Rae's recent biography. And yet, having devoted nine of his two-and-twenty pages to Sheridan, M.P., Mr. Birrell pooh-poohs the politician by declaring—in a sentence that constitutes a solitary paragraph:—"It is, of course, Sheridan's comedies that keep alive the true Sheridan tradition among the people at large." Of course. Why, then, this dwelling on the forgotten politician? Mr. Sullivan's illustrations are a little hard at times, but they have a touch of their own. Both volumes are charmingly printed.

A whole century separates Goldsmith and Sheridan from Henley and Stevenson, and yet the delicate art of atmosphere which was the distinguishing charm of the first two is exhibited in the plays of the latter in finer quality than by any of their contemporaries. Take "Beau Austin," for instance. It is no mere borrowing of the art of another day: it shows in every line the effects of a century's progress, the touch of a generation that has become used to an imaginative literature more serious, more sincere, than the point of view of last century. Thus, while possessing the charm of atmosphere, "Beau Austin" is more

poignant than "She Stoops to Conquer": it has subtleties of irony and that rare instinct for style which is practised so little in the theatre to-day. It is, in fact, literature. That, perhaps, is the reason why the great theatre public would have none of it, although this fine picture of 1820 might have a greater chance to-day than it had when it was produced in 1890 by Mr. Tree, who introduced it with a prologue, still remembered by all who heard it—

In that great duel of sex, that ancient strife
Which is the very central fact of life;
They could—and did—engage it breath for breath,
They could—and did—get wounded to the death.
As at all times since time for us began,
Woman was truly woman, man was man,
And joy and sorrow were as much at home
In trifling Tunbridge as in mighty Rome.

If managers have not vied to produce the Henley-Stevenson repertoire, the publishers have not failed to see the merit of them in print. Four years ago Mr. David Nutt printed a beautiful edition, and now Mr. Heinemann is reissuing them in eighteenpenny volumes to match his later Pincros. "Deacon Brodie" is not a very good start. Produced in 1884, it has not been a great stage success, although it reads easily and even thrills one. Somehow or another, despite the evergreen horrors of the impossible "Rob Roy," Scots drama is a poor product that not even the genius of Stevenson can make palatable. John Knox and his friends knocked the bottom out of the theatre long ago, and Scotland has never recovered. Theatrically, it is a mere appendage to the dominant partner; and the laments of an enthusiastic disciple of Home Rule for Scotland, and his attempts to supply the aching void by writing a play called "Wallace," have been unavailing.

This is all the more curious in view of the fact that Scotland learnt so much from France—borrowing thousands of words for its vocabulary, and almost the entire range of metrical forms which are traceable even in Burns. The French, of course, have lost none of their instinct for the stage. Even in the six dramatic trifles which Miss Constance Beerbohm has translated, adapted, and dedicated to her niece, Miss Felicity Tree, there is a neatness of construction and a sense of form sadly lacking in the curtain-raiser of home-grown manufacture. Some of Miss Beerbohm's



TONY LUMPKIN, MARLOW, AND HASTINGS IN THE ALE-HOUSE.

One of Miss Chris Hammond's Illustrations to "Goldsmith's Comedies" (Allen).

work is reprinted from English periodicals; and, indeed, all these trifles are eminently readable. Curiously enough, the first one introduces us to a henpecked husband, who, like the similar individual in "Jedbury Junior," which is again with us, never utters a word. The effect is very grotesque. No better collection for amateurs has appeared for a long time. As a concluding note, it is curious that Messrs. George Newnes and Walter Scott, both publishers for the masses, have taken to printing plays, for it was Scott that gave us Mr. Archer's first translations of Ibsen. Does that indicate that the printed play is popular?

* "Goldsmith's Comedies." Edited by Joseph Jacobs and Illustrated by Chris Hammond. London: Allen.

"The Rivals and the School for Scandal" By R. B. Sheridan, with an Introduction by Augustine Birrell, and Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. London: Macmillan.

"The Plays of W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson." Volume I. "Deacon Brodie." London: Heinemann.

"A Little Book of Plays for Professional and Amateur Actors." Adapted from the French by Constance Beerbohm. London: Newnes.

THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.*

XIX.—MESSRS. LAWRENCE AND BULLEN.



"Our writings are so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty—that which one admires another rejects; so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined." So wrote Robert Burton in his celebrated "Anatomy of Melancholy," and such a passage Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen ought to have stereotyped and affixed to each of their book-lists. Special books, it is true, appeal to special classes, but there are many books which appeal to every bibliophile. Few publishing firms in London or elsewhere can claim to issue such a large percentage of volumes which come



MR. LAWRENCE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

within the latter category as Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen. Their publications are characterised not so much by their number and world-wide popularity as by their almost invariable typographic and artistic beauty. The average "bookish" man is a person of strong prejudices and violent fancies, and, if his weakness runs in the direction of first editions, nothing harrows his soul so much as the necessity of having to be satisfied with modern reprints. If he be a black-letter man or an Aldine specialist, the majority of modern publications will drive him to the purchase of more old ones. The bookman has yet to be born, however, who is insensible to the charm of volumes which possess every element of beauty.

It was to provide such a class of book that Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen started in business rather less than six years ago, and they at once took a very high position with their beautiful and scholarly editions of classical English and foreign works. To take, as examples, the editions of *Anacreon* and *Catullus*, with the exquisite illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, or the editions of *Boccaccio* and *Rabelais*, with the daring, but powerful and rollicking, illustrations of M. L. Chalon—it would be quite impossible to name four other classics in which the pictorial embellishments are more thoroughly in harmony with the text. The same sort of thing may be urged with equal truth in regard to Mr. Weguelin's illustrations to Andersen's "Little Mermaid, and Other Stories," and with Mr. Hughes's plates to the "Novellino of Masuccio" and the "Nights of Straparola." All these books are, it is true, what Mr. G. H. Powell, in his delightful "Excursions in Libraria" (also issued by this firm) describes as concessions "to the purse-pride of the despotic collector, who in these days must (it is hardly necessary to observe) be as rich as Cræsus." They are, none the less, perfect as well as beautiful books, such as the late William Morris insisted upon; that is, books in

which the illustrations are in absolute keeping with the text, and not books whose illustrations are absolutely incongruous.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's art-books are, as I have indicated, the backbone, so to speak, of their business, and each season witnesses important additions to an already goodly list. That such books can only be produced after much careful consideration may be assumed from the fact that each one means an investment of something like two thousand pounds. One of their latest, and perhaps, in some respects, most remarkable, additions is the series of drawings by Botticelli for Dante's "Divina Commedia," after the originals in the Royal Museum, Berlin, and in the Vatican Library; this book is a monumental example of the art of the Italian Renaissance, and the most important illustrative cycle bequeathed to us by any great artist.

In the department of the *belles lettres* Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have issued many valuable works. Mr. Bullen's own anthologies of "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books" and "Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists," and so forth, are books which have had a wide sale. Their reissue of the Gifford-Dyce edition of John Ford's works has produced a fresh interest in one of the most powerful and fascinating of English dramatists; their edition of Churchill's "Rocciad," edited by Mr. Lowe; of Mr. W. C. Ward's admirable edition of Sir John Vanbrugh's works, and, above all, their "Muses' Library"—in which are to be found the poems of Henry Vaughan the Silurist, of Keats, Donne, Drummond of Hawthornden, Browne of Tavistock, Blake, Herrick, Marvell, Waller, and Gay—testifying not only to their enterprise, but also to the exceedingly welcome and extensive revival in English classics. One may prefer to read Dr. Donne, or Mr. Edmund Waller, or any of the others, in their original issues; but there is no getting away from the fact that these modern editions possess an infinite variety of advantages over the *éditiones principes*. Other classics of a very different type have from time to time appeared, or are shortly to appear, with the imprint of Lawrence and Bullen—the curious "Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," with illustrations from original (and unpublished) sketches by James Morier; William Beckford's "Vathek," edited by Dr. Garnett; Fouqué's evergreen "Undine"; the equally perennial *Munchausen*, with powerful and grotesque drawings by William Strang and J. B. Clarke, and a uniform edition, illustrated by the same artists, of "Sinbad the Sailor." Of Mr. Strang's "Death and the Ploughman's Wife" (a series of etchings and mezzotints),



MR. BULLEN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen issued a hundred numbered copies. This noble work has attracted more attention in France and Germany than in England.

Novels do not form a large feature of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's business, but they issue six works of fiction by Mr. George Gissing, and have another by him in preparation. They also publish two little collections of the powerful and highly imaginative work of Mr. J. H. Pearce, a Cornish writer whose admirable work does not seem to have

* This series began under the title of "Some London Publishers," but the title was changed in our issue of Dec. 9, 1896, with the eighteenth article (Messrs. Blackwood), to "The Great Publishing Houses," in order to include Scots and Provincial Publishers.

received nearly the wide popularity which it deserves. Their newest fiction includes a highly original work by Mr. Hedley Peck, "The Chariot of the Flesh," in which the existence of a sixth sense is formulated; "An Erring Pilgrimage," by "Noel Ainslie" (for whom they predict a brilliant career); and Mr. W. W. Jacobs' volume of screamingly funny stories, entitled "Many Cargoes." They will shortly issue stories by Mr. W. B. Yeats and by Mr. Standish O'Grady.

But undoubtedly this firm's great book of the season is "The Encyclopædia of Sport," edited by the Earl of Suffolk, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Affalo. From start to finish a sum of close on ten thousand pounds will have been expended on it. The first of the twenty two-shilling parts is to appear on Feb. 15, and that the book is to be of the highest importance and interest those who have seen some of the sketches and letterpress will readily admit. It is to be fully illustrated by Messrs. Thorburn, Millais, Caldwell, Charles Brock, and others. Each part is to have two photogravure plates, in addition to a number of illustrations in the text. The list of contributors is a long and influential one, the co-operation of the leading authorities in each particular branch of sport having been secured. The object of the editors has been to secure articles which shall come midway between the severe brevity of a dictionary, and the elaborate, and perhaps diffuse, comprehensiveness of

LION-TAMERS.

You may call them lion-tamers or lion-trainers as you will, but either name is equally a misnomer. There is no such thing as trained or tamed lions. You may pare their claws or pull their great eye-teeth, but their lust for blood and innate cruelty remain in spite of everything, for ferocity is as much part of the mind as the backbone is part of the body of a lion. But, of course, cub-lions may be cowed with the whip and harsh usage in their youth, and as they grow up never find pluck enough to break through the terrorism of their young days. There never can be, there never is, an appeal to the intelligence of the lion, for that quality of mind is masked and fogged by its ferocity. The old stories of red-hot iron bars as rods of instruction of the lion-trainers are fairy-tales, although, no doubt, the lion that had had such a means of instruction applied would do what he could to avoid a repetition of the application. There is no art in lion-taming except the art of terrorism, and there is no principle except the principle of keeping the lions' stomachs full and their minds cowed.

Well, suppose you wish to take up the somewhat exciting and rather remunerative profession of lion-taming: you might buy straightway a



THE LION-TAMER.

the average monograph, and this medium has been secured without any sacrifice of accuracy or technical detail. The promoters have clearly hit upon an excellent idea, and deserve all the success which they will doubtless receive. Of unique interest is Sir George Robertson's "Kafirs of the Hindu Kush," a fascinating record of a journey in Kafiristan. For nearly a year Sir George Robertson (the hero of Chitral) resided among this wild and interesting people. That he lives to tell the tale of his adventures is nothing short of a marvel.

In March last year the firm became a limited liability company. The two founders are still the managing directors. Mr. Lawrence, who was partly educated in Germany, and studied art under Prof. Meyer, of Göttingen, obtained an insight into the mysteries of typography with Messrs. R. Clay and Sons, and was for some time at Messrs. George Bell and Sons'. Mr. A. H. Bullen is a son of the late Dr. George Bullen, of the British Museum. On leaving Worcester College, Oxford, he took to literary work, and edited many of the old dramatists. The third director is Mr. Hedley Peck, a great collector and authority on sporting prints, whose contributions on this subject to the *Badminton Magazine* are well known. Mr. Peck is, as has been already indicated, coming out as a novelist, but he is already favourably known as a writer of short stories, one of which, marked by strong imaginative power, "Nema," appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine* about two years ago. The fourth director is Mr. T. Wilfred Fry, a barrister, formerly of New College, Oxford, and a son of Sir Theodore Fry.

W. R.

trained pack of four or five for about £1500. But if you wish to start economically, you had better buy young whelps, which would cost you about ten pounds a head. You would feed and attend upon them personally, always keeping Solomon's advice well in mind, not to spoil the young lions by sparing the rod. You would find on entering their cage that they would hustle up together at the far end, and when you approached them with cracking whip, that they would sneak past you to the other end. You would accustom them to be thus driven round and round, letting them know sharply you would not brook disobedience. Then you may gradually lead them to jump a bar as you drive them careering round their cage. They will growl a good deal—flick at you with their paws, so that it is well to carry a big wooden targe as a defence.

If you take to this profession, you need not be surprised if your insurance premium is considerably increased. You will find, too, as you journey from town to town, as a lion-tamer I recently heard of found, that the same faces will haunt the front seats at your exhibition. The lion-tamer I refer to was astonished to observe that an old gentleman had appeared right before the cage in every town, dogging him from one end of England to the other. At last, to satisfy his curiosity, he made the old gentleman's acquaintance, and found that he devoted his remaining years to following up lion-tamers to the ends of their careers. "You are the fifth lion-tamer," said the old gentleman, "I have followed; the other four I have seen end their careers, and I know that in time I shall also see you end yours."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GUERRILLAS OF DEATH.

BY H. HESFORD.

Beneath a cloudless sky, and a fierce, almost tropical sun, stretch in successive rifts and ridges the swelling uplands of northern Morocco. Following each plateau, as it rises higher than the one before it, the eye can see the rocky heights of the Atlas Mountains in the background and the intervening forts and trenches of the rebellious Riffs.

For there is war between Morocco and Spain, and the Spanish fortress of Melilla, standing on a narrow neck of land joining the peninsula of the same name with the Moorish coast, is anxiously awaiting reinforcements from home.

Not a moment is to be lost, for religious fanaticism, like a forest-fire, is soon beyond control, and the destruction of the sacred mosque of the Frajana has started a flame which, as the news spreads to the hills and valleys, it will require speedy measures to subdue.

Within the garrison of Melilla is the convict prison, the dreaded place of exile for political as well as ordinary Spanish criminals, and here fearless and brave, cowardly and mean, alike find a veritable hell upon earth. There is an air of peace about Melilla prison at all times, but it is the lethargic peace of hopeless, aimless exile. The lack of discipline and restraint would seem to offer temptation to the weary convicts to make for liberty, and doubtless, had it not been for the awful stories of torture and cruelty suffered at the hands of the Riffs by those who had so attempted, the temptation would have been too strong to resist.

The dreaded Riffs are now carrying the warfare into the very heart of the enemy's camp. The stilly calmness of day as well as night is broken by the reports of rifles, and far out among the ridges beyond Melilla's walls tiny puffs of white smoke show from whence the danger comes. From the window in his room in the fortress Alphonso de Vidar, commandant of the garrison, gazed wearily inland across and beyond the walls and forts to where, in ambush, lay the Moorish sharpshooters.

Day by day, as man after man was "potted," and it became increasingly dangerous to walk abroad, his spirit chafed at his inability to stop the "stalking." As night, too, came on, the Riffs, emboldened by success, crept between the outlying forts and the town, awaiting but the appearance of a head or body at an opening to add another to the bag.

A groan escaped De Vidar's lips as he stood and reflected on the useless daily slaughter; a passing gleam of passion shot from his eyes, and, regardless of the presence of his brother officer, Emmanuel Garzia, a muttered curse like a hot breath passed sharply through his set teeth. A sharp cry of pain from the street below gave sure evidence of another victim.

"Stand not too close to the window, Alphonso, lest thy body go to keep company with that of yonder poor devil, God rest his soul!" called Garzia from the middle of the room. Slowly De Vidar made his way to where Garzia sat.

"Those cursed Moors should not thus shoot us like rats in a trap, could I but spare a hundred men. I would stalk the stalkers."

A slight pause, and then from the passage without, as if in answer to this outburst, came a low, snarling growl. The growl was almost instantly checked by a sharp command in the deep, gruff tones of a man's voice.

"Ah, here comes Caso!" The instantaneous change in De Vidar was remarkable; there was a world of joyful relief expressed in the few words, and the caller, there could be no doubt, would be warmly welcomed. He was evidently privileged, for without awaiting a formal invitation to enter, he stepped jauntily into the room.

Manuel Caso—or, to correctly describe him, Captain Manuel Caso, of the retired list—was a man of striking appearance. Short in stature though sturdy in build, he yet had a commanding look; his big head was well balanced on a thick neck; his face, tanned and rough, was clear-cut and resolute, and made impressive by his thick bushy black beard. Caso looked what he was, a man true as steel and of indomitable courage. There was, nevertheless, a softness about the dark eyes, a look at once sincere and kind, that toned down the first impression of ferocity. One instinctively thought of a bulldog when Caso first was seen, and the thought, perhaps, owed something to the presence at the man's heel of his constant companion Pedro, a black bulldog.

"Down, Pedro, down!" said Caso gruffly before responding to the welcome greetings, and the faithful brute disappeared like a flash beneath the nearest chair.

"For one who loves his dog thy tone is harsh, friend Caso," laughed Garzia.

"Friendship and discipline can go arm in arm, Emmanuel," ventured De Vidar.

Caso, who was now seated, turned sharply to the last speaker. "Ay, indeed, Alphonso! I learned that lesson in Cuba: mutual respect makes friendship easy, while familiarity and freedom are but the forerunners of indifference."

"Come, Caso, a truce to Cuba; we want men here, good sons of Spain, for yon treacherous Riffs," said De Vidar impatiently.

"There are men enough here in Melilla," quickly responded Caso.

"Nay! already the garrison is undermanned."

"I fought against the Carlists, my friend, and, if I mistake not, some of the bravest are here at hand. Are not those convicts sons of Spain, ay, and good soldiers too, Alphonso?" and rising, Caso quickly unrolled and spread upon the table a map of the town and surrounding country.

"Here are the rocky pits of Sidi Guariach," he went on, placing his forefinger on the map; "and here, nearer the town-gate, is Fort Camellos. I should say Camellos is about a mile off, eh, Alphonso?"

"To the outworks, exactly," was the response.

"With a picked band of men at Fort Camellos, could not these pits and trenches soon be cleared?" Caso quietly asked.

"That remains to be seen when the troops arrive," said De Vidar.

"Have I not said that the convicts could supply that band? Forty of them would be as efficient as a hundred of Sarcos' troops, I imagine."

"Thou art a brave man, Caso, but wouldst thou like the responsibility of leading out and returning with forty of those cut-throats?"—a light laugh, and then with mock seriousness—"thy Guerrillas of Death?"

A shade of annoyance at the covert sneer crossed Caso's face, and rising hastily, "Think of my plan, at least," he said; and, curtly giving them good-day, passed out of the room, with Pedro at his heels, into the street below.

A few minutes later there was a hurried step in the passage. The door, which was unfastened, flew open, and Caso staggered into the room bearing in his arms a dark body from which blood was rapidly streaming.

"I will lead them," Caso cried hoarsely. "I will lead the Guerrillas of Death." Down his furrowed cheeks tears were rolling fast, and, as he tenderly placed the dark mass on the floor, the curse that was half uttered changed to a prayer that God would guide him to the man who had robbed him of his truest friend.

Pedro had been shot, and down the grey uniform his master wore ran dark-red lines from breast to boots of life's warm stream. A final spasm, and, as the dog turned his glazing eyes upwards in one last effort to seek his master, Caso dropped on his knees beside the body, buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Melilla Prison is situated in a spot admirably adapted by nature for its purpose. It occupies a small open space in a rocky cleft within the fortress. Enclosed by high walls on all sides, above it towers the citadel. The one-storeyed range of prison buildings looks inviting compared with the abominations of the square in which it stands.

It was early morning, and sheep, goats, and poultry, hungry and lean, were listlessly exploring the refuse that lay about in reeking heaps. Loitering groups of convicts were dotted here and there. At the door of one of the hovels a large knot was evidently listening to an interesting story. It was the recital of an adventure which ended in a brutal, cowardly outrage on an old and defenceless man. The speaker was the hero, or rather, the scoundrel, of the exploit. His term in Melilla had not long begun, and the russet-brown uniform, hideously bordered with bands of yellow, bright and new, was well filled out as yet by his burly body.

"Softly I stepped behind him," he was saying, "and then, *carramba!* I can hear his thick skull crack." He laughed, and a nervous murmur of mixed approbation and disgust passed round.

From the outer ring of those surrounding the speaker one stepped. He it was whose expressions of disgust had been loudest; his eyes flashed and his lips rolled back in thin, straight lines from his set white teeth. His uniform of brown and yellow was stained and faded, and though through it there was evidence of a well-knit frame, Melilla had robbed him of the roundness and that certain air of levity which new arrivals generally brought with them. He was of medium height, and appeared between thirty and forty years of age.

"A brave deed that truly!" he at length said, with fine scorn.

"Brave or not brave," responded the former, "I am here for twenty years—a nice reward for crushing the shell of an addled pate!" And he commenced to hum gaily a ribald song.

"I am here for a hundred years,"* said the other wearily. "I killed a man, but he was a soldier spy, and I—a Carlist; but, by the Holy Mother! I would not change my hundred years for thy twenty and have thy crime upon my soul."

There was a loud hum of approval, for José Ferreira was a hero to his fellows. An ex-Carlist sergeant, a man of whose bravery the lowest convict within the walls had heard, he was the favourite of all. Had he chosen to raise his hand against the prison guard he would have found friends and supporters in plenty; they would have followed him, however forlorn the hope, however certain their fate.

"Well, comrade," said Torédo, the boaster, as he held out his hand, a sneer upon his lips and a sound of bravado in his tone that he was soon to repent, "if thou wilt not change places, thou wilt not refuse to shake a brother-murderer's—"

He got no further. Ferreira took one step forward, raised his fist, and struck the other a blow across the face that stunned him for a moment and left a livid mark beneath his eyes.

Coward as well as braggart, Torédo took the blow without any attempt at retaliation. Shrugging his shoulders, he grinned maliciously, and, leaning against the prison wall, ruefully rubbed the darkening bruise. He now stood alone, for the convicts had surrounded Ferreira, and, to avoid further disturbance and a possible visit from the guard, they, with José in their midst, had moved a few paces away.

"We heard of thy escape, José, but how came they to find thee

* Cumulative terms of imprisonment are inflicted in Spain, and it is not uncommon to find men sentenced to two hundred years.

again?" queried one of the group, anxious to turn Ferreira's thoughts from Torédo.

José Ferreira seated himself on a large stone which lay against the building. "Mahomed Ben Moussa brought me back," he replied curtly.

"It is now two years ago," he began, "since me and Pépé—thou rememberest him, Sarzia?"

"Ay—an Almerian of good parentage, here for ten years."

"We were in the same gang," resumed Ferreira, "working at stone-breaking on the Spit yonder"—pointing seawards. "A few hurried words, and our plan was made. Cautiously waiting an opportunity, we hid ourselves in a clump of palmettos. As night came on we started inland. Our sufferings I shall always remember; for two days we wandered with bleeding feet among the rocky paths of the mountains, and then we came upon a Riff and sought his help. We told a truthful story; but Mahomed Ben Moussa—curse him!—played with us as does a cat with a mouse. For a day or two we suffered every cruelty at the hands of his tribe, and, finally, with devilish inhumanity, he marched us back to Melilla. It killed Pépé, and they added another twenty years to my sentence; but a few twenties can matter nothing to a hundred-year man."

Ferreira paused a moment, and then with earnestness he added, "I would give my right hand for a week's freedom to wipe off scores with Ben Moussa."

Before more could be said a sharp command brought the scattered convicts into line. Across the square a small group of officers, among whom were De Vidar and Caso, came briskly.

When the officers had almost reached the convicts, De Vidar stepped forward and briefly described the awkward position in which the garrison found itself, the constant loss of life, and the difficulty, without reinforcements, of making a definite attack upon the trenches. Quickly he unfolded Caso's plan of night-sorties, and closed by asking for volunteers, whose reward would be probable remission of their sentences. Forty volunteers were asked for, but twice this number stepped from the ranks. Caso at a sign from De Vidar inspected them narrowly, and, selecting those who filled his eye as the likeliest fighters, the Guerillas of Death were soon enrolled. The first chosen was José Ferreira.

Captain Caso's prophecy had almost been fulfilled. It was now fairly safe to walk Melilla streets at any time, day or night.

The Guerillas of Death had justified their name. The rocks of Cabrerizas Bajos, it is true, still sheltered a few Riffs determined to continue the "sport"; but Caso and his convicts had accounted for the numerous groups of sharpshooters which but a few days before had been such a standing danger to the whole garrison.

It was thought that only one or two more nightly expeditions would be necessary, and Caso, as the Remingtons were being served out one evening early, formed the plan of dividing his force into two sections. These sections, one under his own command, and the other under José Ferreira's, were to separate after emerging from the town-gate, and to proceed in a circular direction, with a radius of about two miles, one eastward, the other to the west. By this plan Cabrerizas Bajos would fall well within the area, and Ferreira's band would, no doubt, encounter the few troublesome Moors who still remained in the vicinity.

José had earned a warm place in Caso's heart, and it was with a view of strengthening the case the latter meant to put forward for his release that he gave him every opportunity to distinguish himself.

The rifles had been distributed, and in the gathering dusk Caso led the convicts through the Melilla gate into the open plain.

Calling Ferreira to him, he briefly told him his plans, and shrewdly intimated that the winning move of a successful game was in José's hands. He extended his arm and pointed to where he thought the last of the Moorish riflemen lay in ambush.

"Go yonder, my friend," he said. "Strike a blow for Spain—and liberty."

Slowly Ferreira circled round to Cabrerizas Bajos. His practised eye had detected a movement in the rifle-pits among the rocks. Leaving a few of his men in hiding directly facing the ambush, with strict orders that not a shot should be fired or a movement made until they heard firing in the enemy's rear, he with the remainder wheeled round so as to take the Moors by surprise on the flank.

The best-laid plans of Generals, as well as of mice, however, have a knack of going wrong. Before he could get to close-enough quarters to "corner" the Riffs, a shot from the pits whizzed in the air, over the heads of the men left in front. Mistaking this for a signal, they commenced to bear down rapidly upon the trenches. The Moors turned and fled, and all, with one exception, safely eluded Ferreira's band. He, too, would have escaped had he not fallen over a rocky boulder which stood in the way as he fled down the mountain-path. His rifle had been jerked from his hand as he fell, and it was with a look of sullen resignation that he saw himself surrounded. He stood in the midst of his threatening enemies, his grey gown torn and his grey tarboosh or fez cap in his hand. He was tall, and, as he drew himself to his full height, he was an imposing figure. His face had the swartheness of an Arab's, while his bright hazel eyes looked out from under a pair of shaggy dense black eyebrows. Tall and straight he stood, handsome and dignified, his full beard and wavy locks of iron-grey hair slightly blown by the mild breeze from the sea; it was the figure of a man who once seen could always be recognised.

José Ferreira, who had been the last to reach the Moor, advanced, rifle in hand, to take charge of his prisoner. As José's eyes rested on his prisoner's face he gave a quick start; a second look, and then a chuckle of intense exultation escaped him.

"Ah, Mahomed Ben Moussa, my friend, we meet again!"

The Moor, hearing his own name, looked hopefully for a moment at his captor, and then—the recognition was mutual.

In that moment there had risen in Ferreira's heart a burning desire for summary personal satisfaction. Here was the one man at his mercy with whom he had wished to square accounts. Already he saw in the looks of his comrades an expectation that told him how well the story of his escape and return to Melilla had been remembered. Mahomed Ben Moussa had a score of enemies around him; nineteen of them waited but a word from José to tear him limb from limb.

The threatening frowns recalled Ferreira to his senses. His enemy was unarmed, and his was not the nature to kill a defenceless man, even to satisfy a personal spite.

"This time, Mahomed"—he paused and laughed a low, short laugh—"I will take thee to Melilla."

A murmur of astonishment at their leader's forbearance rose from the convicts. Ferreira heard it. Fearing for his prisoner's safety, he formed his men into line, and, at their head, with the Riff on his right, he retraced his steps to Melilla. He soon reached the town-gate, only to find that the soldier-guard had no authority to admit him till morning. Securely binding Ben Moussa, to guard against his escape, José and his band proceeded to make themselves comfortable before the walls till daybreak. The night was warm; fatiguing had been the hurried return, and José lay on the ground to rest his weary limbs.

He soon slept, and in his sleep the longing thoughts by day of his beloved Lerida took definite shape. Then a shriek of pain struck on his ear; it was a second time repeated. He awakened with a shudder. Slowly his half-dormant senses grew keen and clear, and then a low, agonised moaning reached him. A touch on his shoulder, and, as he raised himself and turned, the sickness of heart he had felt before came back with tenfold force. Before him stood Tomaso Moreno, and in his hands a pair of human ears.

"Santa Maria! what nightmare is this?" With dilated nostrils and quivering lips, José Ferreira waited an explanation.

"Mahomed Ben Moussa has paid for his treachery to thee, José." Moreno pointed to the gruesome proofs.

That same day arrived the reinforcements, and General Sarcos was in supreme command. Soon the General heard of the outrage on the Riff, who was now in the hospital, and at once a court-martial was ordered to inquire into the affair. Suspicion fell on Ferreira. His record was bad, and Mahomed Ben Moussa, it was known, was he who had surrendered José when the latter had escaped. Torédo, too, related how, but a few days before, Ferreira had prayed that he might one day have the chance of repaying the Moor the grudge he owed him. This last evidence seriously prejudiced the Court, and, despite Caso's testimony to José's good conduct, and the prisoner's own vehement protestations of innocence, he was condemned to death.

The trial over, José seemed the least affected by his coming doom. Caso, convinced of his innocence, left no stone unturned to save him, but all to no purpose.

José was composedly smoking a cigar when Caso visited him; his bright eyes were steady, and his face neither flushed nor pallid.

"José, my friend, I sympathise with thee," said Caso, with some emotion, as he extended his hand.

"Thanks, Señor. I look with pleasure to my coming release from Melilla—for ever," was the reply, without the least trace of bravado.

A bright, sunny morning, too dazzling for the beauty of the deep-blue sky to be clearly seen. The murmur of the sea as it slowly rolled on the Morocco coast was the only sound to be heard. All was peace.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, and on a slight elevation near Fort Camellos Caso stood and gazed with brimming eyes in the direction of Melilla.

José Ferreira was to be shot at eleven, and Caso had stationed himself at a point which he knew the procession to the firing-ground must pass. Soon along the winding road came a thin stream of men. In front five convicts, in their hideous brown and yellow, marched, carrying a rude stretcher, on which two coarse rugs were spread—Ferreira's pall and coffin. In the middle of a guard of soldiers, José walked, with head erect, a smile upon his lips, and at his side a priest. As he passed Caso he waved his hand.

And now the level plain is reached. José listens with calm indifference to the reading of the court-martial's sentence. Once his eyes wander till they rest on Caso standing on the little hill, and a watery film for a moment clouds his chestnut eyes. Quickly he is conveyed to the fatal spot. A mute appeal is on his lips, and, as an officer approaches to bandage his eyes, he asks that it may not be done, and that he may die facing the land of his birth. His request is granted, and as the rifles are loaded he has just time to look at the rippling sea and to conjure up a thought or two of the land beyond. But that is all. A sharp command rings out; straight as an arrow José Ferreira braces himself; he sets his jacket, and with the report of the rifles a true, brave man falls an inert mass, a riddled corpse, with arms outstretched to Spain.

From his hillock Caso has seen the end. Now, with eyes that can no longer see, he stares across the valley dazed and distressed. There is a sob in his throat as with an effort he recalls himself.

"Come, Pedro," he commences; but no dog is there, and then he remembers. The tears run down his face in streams. Stumbling, hurrying blindly, he goes inland from the plain, the murmuring sea, and the silent dead.

BUSINESS MANAGERS OF LONDON THEATRES.



MR. JOHN FARRINGTON (DALY'S).
Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.



MR. H. J. LESLIE (OLYMPIC).
Photo by Madame La'lie Garet-Charles, Regent's Park, N.W.



MR. FORSYTH (DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN).
Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.



MR. H. T. BRICKWELL (GARRICK).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. R. G. LEGGE (ROYALTY).
Photo by Langflet, Glasgow.



MR. R. V. SHONE (ST. JAMES'S).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. E. MARSHALL (GAIETY).
Photo by Hanr, Strand.



MR. FRED LATHAM (ADELPHI).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. C. P. LEVILLY (PRINCE OF WALES'S).
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

At the New Year and for a little time after it there is usually a renewal of activity on the part of the prophecy merchants. Once more is the "Agony Column" of the *Standard* diversified by the forecasts of the approaching end of the present age—that end which has been approaching so long, and somehow never gets any nearer. The great European War is to begin in 1897 or 1898. France is to defeat Germany, and Europe is to be divided into Ten Kingdoms, over one of which the Beast (a Napoleon) is to reign. Then matters will go on apocalyptically in due order till Armageddon and the beginning of the Millennium in the spring of 1903. I have a sort of hazy remembrance that all these events were put down for 1901 a few years ago—possibly two years ago.

Nothing is more remarkable than the confidence—I had almost said the cocksureness—of these interpreters of prophecy. Their dates are most precise, and are given out with as much boldness as if the previous announcements had not been falsified a dozen times by events. The end

the cumbrous dual control of England and France. But one fails to see the epoch-making nature of the blow to Turkey or to Mohammedanism.

To put either of these events forward as fulfilments of prophecy is an instance of what is called in schools "fudging" an answer. A boy or girl, being set a sum, and knowing the answer, but *not* knowing how to work the sum, devises some more or less plausible semblance of working to lead from the conditions of the problem to the known solution. No unbiassed student of history would attach the slightest importance to the fact that in 1844 an influential Ambassador bullied a Sultan into issuing a futile edict. If he were called on to assign a date to a deadly blow to Turkey, he would naturally take the deliverance of Vienna by Sobieski, or one of Prince Eugene's great victories, or some one of the treaties that have shorn away broad provinces from the Sultan's dominions. So, too, with the occupation of Egypt. It was an event important to Egypt, to England, and perhaps to France; but except as it diminished the chances (small enough already) of the Turkish power in Egypt again becoming effective, it did not affect the Sultan either as sovereign or as head of his religion. If we were to date the financial



A WINTER SCENE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY FRITH, REIGATE.

of the world, or, at least, some very striking change, has been predicted for various dates, from 1881 onwards, by persons in the prophecy business. The Great Pyramid, I believe, gave that date, if you took care to let your measuring tape slip enough. But 1881 came, and nothing particular happened.

And the past fulfilments of prophecy that the prophets of the present adduce are not calculated to inspire confidence. They have calculated from Daniel that, 1260 years after the Hegira, Turkey would receive a severe blow. Are the years lunar ones? Then you come to 1844, when the Sultan actually issued an edict enjoining religious toleration! Prodigious! At this rate, Turkey receives a severe blow once a month or so. There has for many years been little difficulty in getting Sultans to issue edicts of a truly beautiful character. The trouble has always been that the edicts remained waste-paper. But if you prefer *solar* years, then you come to 1882—bombardment of Alexandria and Egypt occupied by English troops and lost to Turkey. There's a date for you!

Unfortunately, Turkish power had already been excluded from Egypt for a fair number of years, and, while the interference of England foiled all attempts to regain power for the Sultan in Egypt, it did not take away any rights from him, for he had none except the Tribute, which is still paid. A fairly effective single control was substituted for

ruin of a man, should we give the day when he signed a cheque which was dishonoured, or the year when two mortgagees had a lawsuit over a piece of his property on which they had already foreclosed?

No; we must have some better instances of fulfilment in the past before we can credit our amateur prophets for the future. To juggle and shuffle with texts and names and numbers is a harmless amusement, if not calculated to elevate the mind; but it does not rank higher than the solution of puzzles and double acrostics, and there is not even a prize offered for a correct solution, nor any means of finding out what *is* the correct solution. When I was a little boy, and no better than little boys in general, I took much delight in a box of cubical blocks with Scripture pictures on their sides. When I had made all these pictures, and was familiar with them, I devised a subtler if less reverent amusement. I would put blocks together which were not intended for juxtaposition, and fashion pictures of strange monsters by putting Goliath's massive head on the bare legs of the infant Samuel, or making the graceful form of Ruth end in the hind legs of Samson's lion. The prophets of the present treat the Bible in much the same way. A scrap of Daniel, torn from its context, is sandwiched between an obscure prediction of Ezekiel and a vision of Revelations, and the chinks filled in with shreds of the Minor Prophets. This may be the way that Scripture is to be read, but it is certainly not the way it was written.

MARMITON.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have often marvelled at the combination of gifts that is needed for the writing of a guide-book. First, you must have practical accuracy, as in the recitation of cab-fares and the hotel charges for fires and candles. Then you must be severely impartial, with that finesse of discrimination which enables the reader to choose the less indifferent of two hostels where the accommodation is but so-so. You must have an eye for natural beauties, a taste for historical study, and a positive genius for keeping the traveller from going astray at four cross-roads. All these accomplishments, I need scarcely say, are united in Baedeker. That wondrous man joins the breadth and brevity of Tacitus to the inexhaustible research of a modern German philosopher. With Baedeker in hand you can pursue any route through Europe on a solid causeway of fact, observation, and disinterested geniality. Baedeker is never in a passion. He touches the happy mean in human temperature; and should he ever find it necessary to depart from this, his mind takes the direction of cold displeasure, not of heated argument.

A very different person is Mr. Augustus Hare. People who have read Mr. Hare's autobiography know that he passed an unhappy childhood under the tyranny of a bigoted aunt. I seem to see that aunt in all Mr. Hare's commentaries on scenery, hotels, and the manners and customs of nations. In "The Rivas" Mr. Hare's aunt is usually in a rage, or melted to tears over rather commonplace charms of foreign travel. The old lady is most offended by large hotels and the people who frequent them. She cannot abide the social life of Nice and Monte Carlo. She prompts her dutiful nephew to jeremiads against the rich, and to ecstasies over the delights of cool, sequestered vales. I would not mind this so much if Mr. Hare's raptures were not as misleading as his damnatory rhetoric. He beguiled me the other afternoon into an excursion from San Remo to Badalucco, which he calls "indescribably picturesque." I took a bicycle, and all went well as far as Taggia, a charming little town which rejoices, I learn, in "a native aristocracy." The native aristocrats were gathered in the market-place, mildly surprised that the foreigner should put himself to the trouble of riding a bicycle for such a distance. The Italian is fond of cycling; but he confines this exercise to a track of about a hundred yards, and devotes his energy to the expansion of his knees; so that the Italian cyclist promises to become as bandy-legged as a jockey.

The road to Badalucco is composed of new paving-stones and sloughs of mud. It runs through a mountain gorge, almost wholly unattractive to anyone who has been in Switzerland. So far from being "indescribably picturesque," Badalucco has no special distinction. How much of my discontent was due to the infamous road, and how much to the unconscionable omelette offered me in a small house of entertainment in the main street, I cannot exactly determine. Perhaps Mr. Hare never eats omelettes in Italian villages. He may not have entered this little wine-shop, where an upper chamber, cold as a refrigerator, and decorated with portraits of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, is reserved for visitors from afar. There was no warmth even in the historic red shirt of the popular hero. I had to console myself with reflections on the incalculable debt of the House of Savoy to the memory of Garibaldi, without which stimulus to the popular imagination it is probable that King Humbert and his dynasty would be overwhelmed by the convulsions of a country bleeding to death in the clutch of the tax-gatherer.

In Genoa, where I am now writing, Mr. Hare's aunt is quite hysterical. She sees magnificence in the Strada degli Orefici, where there are some little shops full of filigree ornaments, and the poor old lady is palazzo mad! I have stared long at some of the great, square buildings, in the hope of catching her enthusiasm about the ancient palaces of Genoa. There are palazzi everywhere. "This was not always a hotel?" I said at a venture to my waiter. "No," he replied with dignity; "it was the palazzo of a marchesa." I might have known it. These great, gaunt rooms, with heavy marble mantelpieces and marble window-sills; these grim corridors and broad staircases, with stairs which slant downwards, as if the marchesa's ancestors had been very heavy-footed; these highly coloured ceilings (I sleep under a mixture of maroon and blue); and, above all, the inevitable trick of painting a wall to look like marble, even when the real article is close at hand to expose the mockery—such are the unmistakable characteristics of the old palazzo. Even when the Genoese architect is very successful, and he is unquestionably so here and there, he or another is sure to mar the effect with some piece of audacious "faking," which leaves you

breathless at such an association of grandeur and squalid cunning. But, bless you, it is all one to Mr. Hare's aunt, who weeps for joy at the spectacle!

Perhaps it was the blue and maroon ceiling which evolved a curious vision from my slumbers last night. I thought the room was brilliantly lighted by candelabra. At the table sat two ladies, one of them tall, thin, bolt upright, with a severely evangelical cast of countenance; the other plump, black-eyed, with glossy hair, not unlike the pictures of Italian beauties in old editions of Byron. "I am much obliged to you, Marchesa," said the evangelical dame, waving a withered hand, "for all this information. It will be very useful to Augustus, who is writing a guide-book. Of course, he cannot relate the most improper anecdotes about your family which you have been good enough to tell me, but—" "Oh, the little stories are nothing," laughed the Marchesa, whose eyes, I must confess, twinkled in the most audacious way. "There are much more interesting memories in our old palazzo. In this very room, now, my great-grandfather surprised his wife with her lover." "Dear, dear!" said the other lady. "A common incident, I fear, in ancient Italian families. But Augustus has heard of Francesca da Rimini, and this tale won't do him much harm." "Ah, yes; but my great-grand-mamma managed things better than poor Francesca, who, you recollect, was imprudent enough to go to sleep. While great-grandpapa was bursting in the door, his naughty spouse slipped her young man into that cupboard, and received her husband with such a transport of affection that . . ." The rest of the anecdote caused the whole room to turn maroon, while Mr. Hare's aunt murmured, in a suffocated voice, "I don't think Augustus ought to write anything about these dreadful palazzi!"

I see that Mr. Moody, of evangelist fame, proposes to save a million souls in New York at the cost of a million dollars. A dollar a-head is a moderate charge for wholesale conversion when you consider the average cost of this operation to the various missionary societies labouring in Oriental countries. Mr. Moody is a good man of business, and he knows that his countrymen like a clearly specified equivalent for their expenditure. I remember his campaign in London with the melodious Mr. Sankey, more than twenty years ago. People crammed the Agricultural Hall, and sang Mr. Sankey's roundels with great gusto. I don't think anybody cared for Mr. Moody's preaching, with its superficial emotion and its crude ignorance of life. A very young man at that time, I listened to Mr. Moody with sheer wonder that any intelligent person should suppose it possible to treat every mind as if it were an infant in a white and rather penitential night-gown, to be put to sleep with nursery anecdotes, and with Mr. Moody's personal assurances as to the intentions of the Creator. But Mr. Sankey's hymns excited no disturbing thought. When a multitude of people sing together, the infection of sound displaces the operations of intellect. The churches have always shown a wise discretion in the cultivation of hymnology. "Hold the fort," the most stirring song in Mr. Sankey's repertory, always roused great enthusiasm, though what the fort was, and why it should be held, were questions of remote and shadowy interest.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Mr. Moody proposed to save London. I have never heard that his campaign left any visible trace. He is now bent on the salvation of a million souls in New York, and several noted capitalists are said to be willing to subscribe the necessary funds. That a Wall Street millionaire, who has made his fortune out of "rings" and "corners" and "trusts," should help in the saving of souls is one of those familiar ironies which will tickle the world till the end of time. Lazarus is often gifted with a grim sense of humour which makes the big subscription of Dives for his spiritual enlightenment a farcical waste of money. New York, I dare say, will spend a million dollars on Mr. Moody's panacea for moral ills. There will be prodigious blasts of melody, and emotional dram-drinking on a gigantic scale. Public men and leaders of opinion will regard the enterprise with professional gravity. And twenty years hence nobody will be able to discover one of the million souls to which this benevolent expenditure brought any permanent benefit, capable of precise and intelligible definition.

The St. George's Club last week entertained Sir Charles Tupper, late High Commissioner for Canada; Sir Robert Herbert, late Agent-General for Tasmania; and the Hon. Duncan Gillies, late Agent-General for Victoria, who have recently vacated their positions. The chair was taken by Sir Owen Tudor Burne, and important colonial and patriotic speeches were made by the guests, Lord Amphil, and others. Sir Westly Perceval, in proposing the health of the club, said it was a rallying-point for all Colonials in London.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

In a manner of speaking, the Leagues are all over. So far as the Second Division is concerned, there is not the shadow of a doubt that Notts County must ultimately figure on top. But that is not to say that Notts will promptly ascend to the First Division. They have a great deal to go through first, and even then the unexpected will have to happen if Notts are to regain the place they once occupied in the First Division. It is easier to lose one's place than to regain it.

In the First Division, too, the chance possessed by Aston Villa is far superior to that possessed by any other club. Even the sensational defeat suffered at Perry Bar at the hands of the Burnley eleven did not do more than cause a fleeting flutter of hope in the breasts of the teams immediately below the champions, seeing that it is impossible to nominate any one club as likely to give trouble to the Villans.

But, in any event, it is seldom indeed that interest in the League competitions is sustained once the competition proper for the Football Association Challenge Cup is begun. A start will be made with this season's tournament next Saturday fortnight, and, contrary to past experiences, even the first round promises a spell of excitement.

It will, in the first place, be something of a record if we find a Southern club in the second round of the tournament. In the past the Southerners have been consistently unfortunate in the draw; but, seeing that all three clubs left in are favoured with advantage of ground, they will be entitled to very little sympathy if they be knocked out at once.

Millwall or Arsenal—we shall not know which till the 16th—have, it is true, to negotiate the runners-up for the Cup in the Wolverhampton Wanderers; but I do not see that the task is one of great difficulties. Either of the London sides mentioned plays a pretty and effective game, and, with their own supporters to cheer them on, they should not fear the extra experience of the men from the Black Country.

The issue of Division 9 is yet undecided, but either Luton or Tottenham Hotspur will be called upon to entertain West Bromwich Albion. The last time the Albion visited London in a Cup-tie they bowled over the Old Westminsters by three goals to two. If they play no better than on that occasion, then they will lose handsomely, for Luton are a wonderfully smart little lot, well-nigh invincible on their own ground.

Still, some allowance must be made for depreciation of confidence. Clubs like Millwall, the Arsenal, and Luton have an irritating habit of playing below themselves when opposing a big team, and suffer from "stage-fright," so that there is, after all, grave doubt as to the ability of the Southerners to defeat the Albion and the Wanderers. In regard to Southampton St. Mary's, however, all seems plain sailing, for the visitors to the seashores are merely Heanor, and the prospective champions of the Southern League may feel confident. Last year, it may be remembered, St. Mary's lost to the ultimate winners of the Cup only by two goals to three.

CRICKET.

Lord Hawke has just been expressing his opinions on matters political in the world of cricket. It seems to me that the gallant and popular captain of the champion team is a better player than debater, and, in regard to the West Indies business—a very unfortunate piece of business—I do not see that his explanation has served to place a better complexion upon his own proceeding.

Lord Hawke has also been led into a discussion on the toss. Now, to close followers of county cricket, it must be clear that the present system is all wrong. I am aware that there are people who are never so happy as when interfering with existing laws, no matter whether they be good or bad. But in this case there is, I am convinced, full ground for complaint.

One does not need to search far for instances where the spin of the coin has decided the match. On Lord Hawke's own admission, Yorkshire lost the Surrey match at the Oval last season solely because his side had to go in second. That is a theory into which it is not particularly necessary to go now, though I would point out that at the period when the spoil-sport arrived Surrey had scored about 380 for four or five wickets, which is surely not a losing score!

But, in the face of this admission, his lordship goes on to suggest that the present rule cannot be bettered. Then, all I can say is that Lord Hawke and the representatives of the other counties are woefully lacking in inventiveness. For my own part, I see no reason why the loser of the toss in the first match should not have the option of batting first in the return game. There is at least a suggestion of equity about this arrangement. At present it is purely a matter of luck.

BILLIARDS.

The levelling-up process in the world of sport is extending even to billiards. Stevenson, who has just succeeded in making so brilliant a fight against the redoubtable champion with a start of only 9000 in 24,000, would have been smothered on those terms a year or so ago.

If form in billiards were not so easy of comprehension, one would be inclined to the opinion that Roberts must have deteriorated. But it is clear enough that John, so far from retrograding, has actually improved. The thing is that the others have improved with him, and to a greater extent, probably because there was more room in their cases. When Roberts does find himself on the wane, I trust he will stop altogether before his grand record loses its lustre.

YACHTING.

Mr. Charles D. Rose, who will be identified with the well-known racing-owner, has given orders for a new racing cutter for the ensuing season. Mr. J. Soper, the draughtsman of the firm of Messrs. Fay and Co., has designed the craft, which will probably measure something like eighty by the linear rating rule of last year, and which would, therefore, command a good allowance from such as the *Ailsa*, *Britannia*, and *Meteor*.

It is quite likely, too, that Mr. A. Barclay Walker will build a cutter of the same measurement from a design by Mr. W. Fife junior. So far as I understand, Mr. Walker intends to sell the *Ailsa*. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The weights for the Spring Handicaps will be published in four or five weeks' time, and the prospects of good racing in the opening weeks of the season are rosy. Many of the handicap horses have been usefully employed throughout the winter, and they should come to hand early—that is, if we do not get a long spell of frost before Lincoln. By-the-by, horses trained on the snow can be wound up to a point. I never saw a fitter horse run for the Lincoln Handicap than Bread Knife, who just got beaten by Fulmen owing to frost. Bread Knife was galloped over snow, on the Yorkshire Wolds, for three weeks previous to the race taking place, and he looked on the day as fit as a fiddle.

Many of the racing-reporters are heartily tired of racing under National Hunt rules, and no wonder; the form has been of the most in-and-out order up to now, and winners have been most difficult to find. Bad riding has had a deal to do with much of the peculiar running, and I think that any owner who put a third-rate gentleman-rider on a horse one day should be made to do the same thing when the horse ran again. It may be fun for the gentlemen who want schooling, but it is very hard on backers, who, after all, find the sinews of war.

Racegoers will soon begin to talk of the opening of the Flat-Race season, which takes place at Lincoln on March 22. The racing is always good at Lincoln, but the stands and general arrangements require improving. Never has the accommodation provided for the Press at Lincoln been of a lavish nature; indeed, it has always been bad, and those who patronise Tattersall's have to put up with much inconvenience considering the price charged for admission. As most large concerns have small beginnings, so it is with Lincoln. The Spring Handicap practically brought the meeting from obscurity into general public notice, until at the present time it is in the very forefront of English fixtures. Curiously enough, the race for the Spring Handicap took place at the Autumn Meeting in 1849 (there being then no spring fixture) over a course of two miles. The race, which was worth but £175, was won by a horse called Midia. For some years it continued a prominent feature of the Autumn Meeting; but on its transference to their newly inaugurated Spring Meeting in 1860, the name dropped out of the autumn list until 1862, when it was revived under the title of "Lincolnshire Autumn Handicap." The affix "shire" was dispensed with in 1886, and as the "Lincoln Autumn Handicap" it has since been and is now known.

Mr. Richard K. Mainwaring, one of the most prominent of the Jockey Club handicappers, is close on fifty years of age, and is the second son of the late Mr. Townshend Mainwaring, who for many years represented Denbigh Burghs in Parliament. He received his education at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, at which latter place he earned the nickname "Rous," so earnest was he in studying handicapping and its ways. On leaving Oxford Mr. Mainwaring went in for farming and agency, and had the care of important estates near Market Drayton, Shropshire, for many years. In the later 'eighties he began to help Messrs. Topham in their handicaps at Liverpool, and with such success that Major Egerton's attention was directed to him, with the result that he was soon appointed assistant handicapper. He has been for a year or two full-blown weight-adjuster, and there is no more painstaking official.

Mr. Robert P'Anson, who will this year make the handicaps for the City and Suburban and other races at the Epsom Spring Meeting, is a good judge of form, and it is difficult to find the winners of his handicaps. Mr. P'Anson keeps all the racing indexed up each day, and he sees as much of the running as he can. As an old steeplechase jockey he is hard to beat at sizing up the form of jumpers. Mr. P'Anson still follows the hounds, and he is always in the first flight. He is a good cricket-player, and has taught his daughters to successfully handle the bat. Mr. P'Anson lives at Ewell in Surrey.

When riders retire from the saddle, they generally put on weight fast. True, C. Wood, who, I hear, is likely to get his licence restored to him this year, can still go to scale under 8 st.; but he is of small build. On the other hand, Harry Custance, who rode many classic winners in his time, now weighs quite 16 st. Again, Jewitt, Joe Cannon, and Marsh are all heavy men; while Mr. Arthur Yates, who did such wonders across country, weighs quite 18 st. at the present time. The late R. Sherwood was one of the biggest trainers at Newmarket in the matter of build and weight, and yet he rode Wild Dayrell at 9 st. when his horse won the Derby.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

In Paris, where the fashions come from—to paraphrase those immortal Brazil nuts—we hear of nothing but long-sleeved evening-frocks for both the young and the possessors of many autumns equally. Nor has a more sensible, and very often becoming, mode entered the freakish inner consciousness of modern fashion for some time past. To begin with, long sleeves of crinkled lisse, silk or otherwise, are extremely grateful

and comforting during the chilling blasts with which the wind-swept stalls of our theatres are visited nightly, for I always maintain that there is only one really comfortable house of the kind in London. Secondly, the inevitableness of scarlet upper arms at once impresses the observant stranger in the last row of the stalls, in muffling up which distinguishing feature of feminine loveliness the long sleeve plays a very kindly part indeed. "I haf remark," a cynical boulevardier told me lately, "that the back view of Mees Anglaise ordinarily exposes to view the red arm and the wide ear." On the latter count I indignantly declared ourselves guiltless, suggesting that Monsieur's evenings at the theatre may have been unhappily chosen, and disclosed rows of suburban deadheads with chevelures unglorified by the widening wave which so subdues, not to say swallows, a too assertive ear. That argument my friend allowed to pass, but refused absolutely to be talked out of the crimson-arm reproach.

A DIVERSION IN THE NEW LONG SLEEVES.

No doubt his clever countrywomen, quick to grasp an idea, have discovered what a becoming shelter the lace sleeve gives in winter, and this accounts for its rapid popularity in Paris; but here, except among the very well dressed, I do not see it much.

A new treatment of this graceful style is shown in an accompanying sketch, where, as will be seen, a glimpse of arm is vouchsafed just below the shoulder, the sleeve, of wrinkled Chantilly, being meanwhile continued beyond the wrist into one of those points so much affected of the "divine Sarah," and which serves to decrease considerably the size of one's hand. The remaining points of this gown are summed up in its colour—a shot blue-and-green faille, and the silver cord embroidery cunningly laid on in a lace-like design over the front and seams, each design graduating from about eight inches at foot to a point at waist. A most lovely gown it is, and crowned by the little puffings of white and pink tulle that surround the *décolletage* and are just indicated in quaint little bows, which rather suggest than show themselves under a fall of lace at each shoulder.

White Birds of Paradise are now invariably found in one or other chapeau of the fair, or preferably dark, Parisienne, a notion prevailing that these waving white plumes are becoming to her olive skin; and, talking of this fateful subject, I find Bond Street is gradually becoming a perfect bower of beauty-shops, where the gentle art of massage and manipulation generally is no less dexterously and successfully practised than it has always been in Paris and Vienna. We are, in fact, reverting to those ancient arts and artifices by which the women of Rome and Byzantium held their leaders in leading-strings when the bath was a ritual and the *toilette* a transformation and a mystery. The luxurious age has unequivocally descended upon Great Britain, with infinite advantage to her daughters' appearance and environment, and doubtless corresponding solace and satisfaction to the other gender, which,

nathless, do not largely enter into our calculation here. There is, in particular, one exponent of the gentle art of beauty who may be especially lauded for the skill with which she applies its well-learned lessons to others. In a series of luxuriously fitted rooms, Madame Pomeroy expounds her revivifying art to all comers at 29, Old Bond Street. The débutante sighing for a rose-petalled complexion, the generously hued dame whose cheeks bear witness to her gastronomic possibilities, the wrinkled, crow-footed remainder of a thousand-and-one late nights, the tired-out butterfly, the unstrung worker, would each find a panacea in the simple but most effectual system by which Madame Pomeroy plays the part of Nature's sweet restorer. This is, in one word, face-massage, but of what a glorified order!

Firstly, we are ensconced in the laziest of soft-sprung arm-chairs, with a cosy fire in front, a battery of soft-scented applications at hand, and an attendant ministering angel in the person of a white-aproned, soft-voiced, gentle-fingered girl, who kneads, steams, soothes, electrolyses the recalcitrant cuticle until wrinkles and roughness are coaxed away and replaced by the softness and bloom which Nature, doubtless, intends for each one of us, but that so often get lost *en route*. Madame Pomeroy's method is absolutely simple, as are her applications absolutely beneficial. A chemist on the premises prepares her recipes, which have been analysed, and found to combine most restorative elements for the skin. Her "skin food" is the ideal preparation, and, unlike Lanoline, so largely used by actresses and others, it does not promote the growth of hair. In addition to this special and unique massage treatment, Madame Pomeroy treats the growth of hair and facial blemishes generally by a process of electrolysis, which successfully replaces the old depilatory that removed the down from an alabaster arm indeed, but only to give it tenfold strength in return. Women living in the country might advantageously write to 29, Old Bond Street, for the now well-known little brochure entitled, "Beauty Rules." It is full of information and very daintily got-up.

Talking of complexions, I hear from friends in Paris who knew her in the old days that the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay, *née* the transatlantic Miss Clara Ward, was remarkable for her beauty of colouring, which was as fair as her deplorable Gipsy's is swarthy. The affair is still buzzing through Parisian boudoirs, and is universally deplored.

The luxury of the dinner-table is at the moment an important point, only second in consideration, if it be even that, to our own personal equipment, and super-fine linen is an indispensable addition to the silver, satin, and crystal with which our evening feasts are attended. But the gentle arts of the metropolitan blanchisseuse do not tend to the long life and hale old age of our cherished napery, so that a particular opportunity of filling up the dower-chest, as is now afforded by the sale at Walpole's, in the High Street, Kensington, should be embraced with zeal by the economically minded house-mother. Fascinating examples of the linen for which Northern Ireland is famous are shown at all sides; table-covers, for instance, with napkins to match, in the ribbon trellis pattern, or covered with medallions in which classical figures are woven with interlacing of acanthus-leaf. The pointed scroll design of two-inch

diagonal stripes I always think a very effective one, as it gives an appearance of interwoven satin ribbons, and the Irish ivy-leaf is, of course, a tradition in all Hibernian table-linen. These examples, and many more, are marked below the price of production, owing to slight



[Copyright.]



[Copyright.]

TEA-GOWN OF WHITE CRÊPE WITH EMBROIDERED AND PAINTED FLOWERS.

soils on the folds, snowy piles of hem-stitched linen sheets, both plain and embroidered, coming also under the general rule of reduction. Quantities of fine pocket-handkerchiefs, woven from finest flax, are made up in bundles of unsurpassable cheapness, and the sale, to be continued during January, offers, in fact, such practical temptations as should recommend themselves to all with siller to spare for the furnishing of the linen-press.

All the world abroad seems to be very much engaged in the light-hearted business of dancing just now, and a friend writing from Montreux tells of a perfect carnival of "hops" at one or other of the hotels fringing that delightful lake. My correspondent's own frock, which came from Paris for a private function at Territet, seems worth recording, Paquin being accountable for its allurements. The skirt, of white satin under yellow mousseline de soie, is trimmed with narrow flounces of ivory lace, put on in wavy festoons. As seems inevitable with French frocks, the corsage has a bolero of many-hued embroidery, edged with a frilling of narrow lace; the waistband, high and draped, is of pale-green satin, and folds of this softly shimmering stuff are repeated at the *décolletage*, and finished with furbelows of violets and yellow crocuses. It ought to be, I think, a most engaging little frock.

More than ever does the soft, clinging, China crape prevail at present among our fair friends by the other side of Seine for *matinée* or ball-dress, but more than all for the gown sacred to *le five o'clock*. Why smart women do not more readily recognise its graces over here is all the more a surprise as the stately, slim, and slender proportions of our statuesque Anglo-Saxon type are infinitely more adapted to its semi-diaphanous draperies than the less tall but not less graceful Frenchwoman. I have had illustrated an example of a delightful Paris tea-gown in this material recently executed for an expensive acquaintance, which may be considered, in its way, a masterpiece, because of the delicacy and distinction with which its parts are commingled. The background is of palest lemon-coloured *crêpe*, painted with a design of wistaria naturally coloured in irregularly placed posies. The front, cut slightly away at the neck, is a square, and bordered with silk embroideries of lilac and forget-me-not. Over the shoulders a stole of pansy-coloured *miroir* velvet is worn, and ornamented with fine beaded embroidery and frilled edges of lace. The sleeves, long and flat, of crinkled *crêpe de Chine*, are edged with ruffles of similar lace, while at the back an odd sort of loose, hanging bolero depends from beneath the aforesaid velvet stole. It is decidedly a most original garment, but also becoming to the last degree.

And now, with the sweet springtime in comparatively speaking middle distance, let me quote a quite too entirely *chic* little tailor-made, composed by a Viennese tailor of note, and destined also to



[Copyright.]

A TOQUE OF CHINESE EMBROIDERY AND PARADISE TAILS.

figure on one of the belles of the Austrian capital at Mentone this month. The costume is, to begin with, of a bright tan-colour cloth, and has a narrow independent apron, over which the skirt turns in panels at both sides. Hoops of black silk braid trim the edge of skirt. The bodice, somewhat of the bolero type, is made seamless at back, but with two box-pleats over each shoulder-blade, which give it a quaint and uncommon effect. A sailor-knot of pink silk is tied loosely in front, narrow hand-sewn gold embroidery appearing on both ends of scarf and bordering the bolero, which has also a surround of silk braid to match skirt. The toque to be worn with it is most uncommon, and repeated here, the crown, formed pagoda-fashion, being a mass of many-coloured Chinese embroidery, into which pink is freely introduced, while a white Bird of Paradise plume waves airily overhead and a garland of ruby and crimson roses rests softly—and how becomingly!—on the hair. Altogether, an engaging get-up this, and one in which the Countess should look to match.

Never again need any girl feel the desolation of wanting, longing,

sighing for an ostrich-feather fan and not being able to accomplish the desired of her vanity. For now, during sale-time, these once un-get-at-able articles *de luxe* are obtainable at Redmayne's for five-and-thirty shillings, pearl sticks included, an it please you, all complete. Of a certainty I will lay in two for forthcoming and not-to-be-evaded wedding-presents, for to all appearance these fans are similar to their five-guinea prototypes elsewhere, and I can only surmise that Redmayne's must own a special ostrich-farm of their own to produce such a galaxy of pearl-mounted feathers at such a modest price. Dainty little muffs concocted of velvet, silk, and ribbon are available at 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., which had previously demanded and obtained ten, fifteen, and even twenty shillings as equivalent; while of the millinery and endless layers of brocades and silks it is not too much to assert that impossibly sweeping reductions are the order of the counter. Redmayne's, in fact, are "marking down" to the entire extinction of their existing stock.

I do not suppose that women have ever hung themselves about with gold chains either plain or bejewelled to a greater extent than at present. The system has certainly many practical defenders at the moment. But, however the carping critic may gird at our barbarous delight in a profusion of trinkets by day, all must allow that our pins and prettinesses and ropes of pearls are very seductive by mellow electric or candle light. One head-centre for these famous Orient pearls in question is about to undergo a temporary eclipse, by the way, as the Parisian Diamond Company, during the rebuilding of their Regent Street premises, will conduct all business at the Burlington Arcade and Bond Street shops respectively. But when the aforesaid establishment is again *en train*, we may look for a gorgeous re-opening, which will be in keeping with the widely spread and deservedly prosperous reputation of these pearl-merchants *par excellence*.

Although most of our best-known modistes draw their inspiration from Parisian *ateliers*, there is at least one notable West-End dressmaker who successfully basks in the radiance of her own charms without drawing any sustenance from the classic Gallic intellect, and this is Viola, of Albemarle Street. Her garments are a feast of originality, and composed with the most dexterous art; nor can a better idea be given of these capabilities than a glance at the charming gallery of fancy-gowns for ball or skating carnival, which are now being shown on "living pictures" for the benefit of fair audiences during the week. There is the early Victorian in her hoops, side-curls, poke-bonnet, and simpler all complete; an Incroyable, with *pince-nez* and powdered *queue*; a Witch in red and amber, with saving clauses of black satin; a pigeon in soft white satin and long pointed wing effects of grey velvet which are quite enchanting; a Russian belle in skating *tenue* of white cloth, scarlet *huissier* jacket, bordered with ermine, and red cap adorably coquettish. Alors, a bunch of violets, one vision of purple petals and foliage-covered skirt; then the crux of the entire situation appears in a gown of grey astrachan, with bolero to match, one wide lapel turned back with dull green, and a folded waistband to match, the very jauntiest possible *toque en suite*. What a frock to figure in on a St. Moritz rink! There would not be a dry eye among the other girls. Nobody, in fact, should miss seeing this gay procession of costumes,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PIN-MONEY (Melton Mowbray).—It is difficult to lay down rules for other people, but how does this division of your allowance strike you: Tailor-made and morning frocks, twenty pounds—that is, one of the first and two of the latter; two evening-gowns, twenty-five; blouses, variously, ten; millinery, eight; boots and shoes, eight; which would leave twenty-nine over for the endless other things that every woman wants? I have not included afternoon-gowns, as, in the country, these elaborations are, happily, not a necessity. You must have at least one good tailor-made every year. Thomas, of Brook Street, will turn you out admirably for that. Yes, for "one of four," and the youngest at that, I think your allowance is a very nice one indeed!

PEGGY (Neath).—I am afraid the coffee-stain has settled your white satin cape, and that nothing remains for it but the dyer—not that I should allow the local genius to handle it after your other experience. Have you ever tried "Maypole" soap? If not, get your laundry-maid to dissolve some cakes of lemon-yellow or mauve in a tub of boiling water, and I'll warrant the cape will come forth rejuvenated.

MAITRESSE (Colchester).—I agree with you in thinking our ordinary method has very uninteresting results, but the following recipe for cooking a goose glorifies that commonplace bird uncommonly, and if you will cut out and hand these directions to your cook I think it will be found a change for the better. Wash and dry the bird carefully, rub into it a mixture of black and red peppers, together with salt, a very little sage, a pinch of sugar, and ground allspice. Stuff with veal forcemeat slightly seasoned with aforesaid mixture. Hang the bird on spit, letting it roast for three-quarters of an hour, after which pour over it half a bottle of hot Madeira, and then frequently baste. Dredge occasionally with finely powdered toasted crust, in which has been mixed a little sage. Remove all fat from gravy, and serve hot. I shall like to know what you think of this when tried. It is a quite delicious dish.

M. J. S. (Reading).—I should advise you, as you are so near town, to pay a visit to 175 and 176, Sloane Street, where a sale of valuable furniture is proceeding, S. and J. Waring, of Oxford Street, having purchased the business and stock of Marler and Bennet, which latter is being sold by them at immense reductions. Just the opportunity, in fact, for young housekeepers of taste to avail of.

HOLIDAY-MAKER (Kensington).—It is, as you say, difficult to find anything new beyond the ordinary marionette and juggling entertainment. But that difficulty need not apply to your children's party if you will ask Mr. Mercer Adam to give you his last new sketch, which he supplements with music and magic-lantern effects. It is a capital combination, and delights the children. Mr. Adam's address is in Park Street, Mayfair—I think, 85. With reference to your other question, I think hiring the stage-effects would be more satisfactory, as amateur carpentering has a distressing way of interrupting the plot very often. Clarkson for wigs, and Viola decidedly for the fancy costumes. Fascinating effects could be obtained by sending the three little girls as butterfly, dragon-fly, and queen-bee, the boys as frog and lizard. Your "Insect Ball" should be very successful.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Jan. 27.

THE TURKISH LOAN OF 1855.

Very few people will believe that a security carrying the joint and unqualified joint and several guarantee of the Governments of England and France can be bought to pay the investor $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and yet so it is. This stock, at its present price of 107, appears to be one of the most attractive investments in the whole Stock Exchange List, and in calling attention to it we feel sure many of our readers will obtain what they have been long looking for. The position of the loan is that it is supposed to be redeemed by annual drawings, and until redemption and repayment the interest is an obligation of both England and France. For years drawings have taken place, but the Turkish Empire has not had the funds to repay drawn bonds, so that this little farce is a matter of supreme indifference to holders, for their interest runs on and is paid with the regularity of Consols, and so much so is this recognised that drawn bonds are good delivery on the Stock Exchange. The price is exceptionally low at this moment; indeed, 10 points under last year's highest quotation, and the only danger any investor runs in buying and locking up this security is that, if the Turkish Empire breaks up, the English and French Governments would probably pay off at par or offer $2\frac{1}{2}$ Consols in exchange. The old Turk has lasted a good many years, and looks like going on in a moribund condition for a good many more, and the risk of repayment is not, as it seems to us, excessive, especially when we remember the yield is twice that which can be obtained from Consols, with practically the same security.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The New Goldfields of British Columbia is, as we write, making its bow to the public with a very strong board, and the prospectus appears a remarkable document. There is no promotion money, no deferred shares, no plunder, and even the very underwriting contracts are offered for inspection. With Sir Charles Tupper at the head of affairs the concern should do well. A British Columbian mining expert in London has supplied us with the following notes, which, we trust, will, under the circumstances, prove of interest when read in conjunction with the letters we have already published.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MINING.

Mining in British Columbia commenced about thirty-five years ago, when numerous prospectors discovered the Cariboo district and carried on "Placer" mining. Many of these pioneers made large fortunes, but their crude methods of working soon exhausted pay-ground, and operations were discontinued and remained so till a recent date, when Southern Kootenay, of which the towns of Rossland and Trail are the centre, began to attract attention.

Less than three years ago a few prospectors penetrated the lonely mountain regions which are traversed by the well-known forest pathway, Dewdney Trail, and, having built a few log-cabins, they located some claims on the Red and Monte Cristo Mountains, at the base of which now stands the town of Rossland, beautifully situated among pine-woods and streams which flow from the adjacent mountains. The growth of the town has been strikingly rapid, and, though hotels are numerous, still all are crowded; rents continue to advance, and at present the return on capital invested in building operations in some instances is as high as 20 per cent. per month. At the end of 1895 the population was less than 3000; now it amounts to 8000, exclusive of the surrounding district.

The hillsides and mountain-slopes around Rossland are dotted with shaft-houses, in which are employed at present about two hundred air and steam drills, working day and night to recover the precious metals.

Until last spring this was essentially an American camp, and even now most of the developed mines are in the hands of our Yankee cousins, to whom great credit is due for opening up this portion of British territory. British capital is not expected to be largely invested in British Columbian mines until the present slump of South African and Australian mines on the London Market has passed away. On a general recovery, investments will doubtless be largely made in promising British Columbian properties. M. Émile M. du Marais, M.E., who recently visited this camp on behalf of the French Government, has reported favourably on the mines, and states they are "remarkable for their extent and their powerful mineralisation."

Of the mines on the main belt, those from the Le Roi, War Eagle, and Josie, on the West side, to those of the Georgia, Iron Colt, and Columbia, on the east, are all of great promise. The Georgia, though not in such an advanced state of development as some others, has seven different veins on its claim, and forty-two dollar ore has been obtained from its first workings, while experts agree that properties on the Red and Monte Cristo Mountains are likely to be more productive than any mining localities of like area that have yet been discovered in British Columbia or any other country.

The Red Mountain Railway just opened connects Rossland with United States territory. The town is also connected with Trail by rail, and a steamer runs from Trail up the Columbia River to Arrowhead or Revelstoke, which connects with the Canadian Pacific Railway. This company intend constructing a line through the Crow's Nest Pass which will join forty miles of coal-fields with Kootenay country, where fuel is very necessary for smelting operations. Notwithstanding these means of communication, the coast cities of Victoria (the capital of British Columbia) and Vancouver are agitating in favour of a "People's Railway," and the syndicate forming this company is expected to be liberally subsidised by the Provincial Government.

Crowds of people are being daily brought to Rossland by train, and here a word of warning may be offered to persons intending to seek their fortune in British Columbia. Matters are in an undeveloped state, and the town is already overcrowded with people without capital and all seeking employment.

Though at present Rossland is the centre of attraction to Southern Kootenay, other districts will doubtless attract early attention. Among these are Beaver Creek, which practically commands the only water-power in this district, and will be invaluable for supplying electricity for the mines of this district and of Rossland, and the North and South Forks of the Salmon River, where have been found not only smelting, but free-milling ores; and the Sayward Company, with its headquarters at Victoria, own and lease most of the land in these districts,

with timber forests in addition, so that it may become to British Columbia almost what the Chartered Company is to South Africa.

The Slocan district, situated further north than the above, is slowly but surely coming to the front. The Slocan Star mine recently paid its fourth dividend since August last, and this brings the total amount paid by one mine up to 300,000 dollars (£60,000), or three-fifths of its capitalisation. The Hall Mines, which include the Silver King, are a fine property, and owned by an English company who have their own smelter, producing about 150 tons daily; this output will be largely increased when further development work is accomplished. Pilot Bay Smelting, in the same neighbourhood, treat and purchase ores from other mines and own the Blue Bell mine, a silver-lead property having one vein 86 ft. wide of solid ore. The Boundary district mines are rapidly advancing, the assays in some instances returning as high as 2000 dollars (£400) a ton.

Leaving inland mines and coming to the coast of British Columbia, one finds claims are being located from north to south. The principal district is Alberni, situated on Vancouver Island, and of easy access from the mainland. Victoria is supplying most of the capital for working the neighbouring mines. The Consolidated Alberni Company own free-milling properties, and are expected to pay their first dividend shortly. Good properties are also owned by the Duke of York Hydraulic Company in the same district. North-east of Vancouver Island is situated Texada Island, from one mine of which has been obtained as much as 150,000 dollars (£30,000).

The Kootenay district is unrepresented by English engineers for the supply of mining machinery, and practically the whole of this class of business is in the hands of one Canadian and one United States firm, both of which have done a large trade during the past year. Surprise has been expressed that no home firm has shown sufficient enterprise to send a representative to the country, for the great superiority of English manufactured machinery is appreciated even in such a remote part of the Empire as the Kootenay district of British Columbia.

INVESTMENT STOCKS.

Continuing the subject of investment stocks, which we began last week, a correspondent points out to us that we did not mention among Colonial bonds or stocks those which, in our opinion, gave the best yield and were fairly easy to deal in. Fijian $4\frac{1}{2}$ bonds, if they can be purchased, should prove a very good investment, but probably they cannot be picked up. Queensland 4 per cent. bonds and some of the long-dated South Australians will yield $3\frac{1}{2}$, and there should be no difficulty about the purchase. Among the inscribed stocks, the maximum rate of interest is about £3 7s. per cent., which can only be obtained from some of the Canadian, South Australian, and Victorian issues.

Among the British Railway debentures, stocks suitable for investment are very difficult to select. Some few small stocks, which, although quoted, are hardly ever to be purchased, nominally yield about 3 per cent., but the investor who fancies this class of security will have to be content with a return of about £2 12s. per cent. The guaranteed stocks and shares hardly give a better result, but from a security such as Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Six per Cent. Preference, Metropolitan District Guaranteed Stock, and South-Eastern (Reading) Perpetual Annuities, a prudent buyer may get £2 18s. per cent. or thereabout.

The common preference stocks of our important railway companies, although the interest is dependent on the annual revenues, except in a few cases where there is at present very little surplus profit, or where there has been default within the past few years, in no case yield the investor 3 per cent. It is true that Chatham Four and a-Half Arbitration Preference gives a return at present price of almost $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but as, so far, no stock behind it is receiving its interest, we can hardly rank the security higher than that of the ordinary stocks of the other big lines.

The considerations which induce the purchase of ordinary stock of British Railways are not quite the same as those which influence the investor in buying preference shares or debentures, so that we pass over this class of security for the present, confining ourselves to such things as return a fixed rate of interest.

Among the Indian lines, from £3 5s. to £3 10s. can be obtained in such securities as Indian Midland with its 4 per cent. Government guarantee, and Southern Mahratta Stock, while the Nizams State Railway Five per Cent. Guaranteed Stock can be bought to return £3 19s. per cent.

The Colonial Railway Market contains a lot of rubbish, but undoubtedly from this very fact there is a chance of picking up bargains, and an investor who understands the security offered and the financial position of the various lines, can reasonably expect to get 4 per cent., or, if he does not mind buying bonds with interest partly in arrear, a bit more. For instance, Buffalo and Lake Huron Five and a-Half per Cent. Mortgage Bonds yield over 4 per cent., and, as the line is leased to the Grand Trunk, and the rent must be paid in advance of the latter line's debenture interest, there can be little doubt about the security. Manitoba South-Western Colonisation First Mortgage, with interest guaranteed by the Canadian Pacific, yields £4 7s. per cent.; and New Brunswick First Mortgage Five per Cent. Bonds are also a good security to yield over 4 per cent. Next week we will deal with American Railway Bonds, and, if we can find room, Foreign Stocks.

DE BEERS.

The result of the six months' working of this company, as cabled over from Kimberley, must be looked upon as very satisfactory. The dividend of 20s. per share compares with 18s. for the previous half-year. The revenue for the half-year, including the diamonds on hand, is £1,951,000, and the expenditure £647,000, thus leaving a gross profit of £1,304,000. After providing for interest on debentures and obligations there remains a net profit of £1,211,000, these figures being exclusive of the amount carried forward in the balance-sheet of June 30, 1896. The market had a fractional advance on the day the announcement was received, but beyond that there has been practically no further movement.

PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

If there are any substantial grounds for the report that an international syndicate is on the point of coming to the assistance of Peru in her financial embarrassments, it will be good news to the members of the Peruvian Corporation. It appears that negotiations, with a view of floating a loan on behalf of the Government, have been going on for some considerable time, and that they are now drawing to a conclusion. In the event of such a loan being arranged for, it is reported that one of the stipulations will be that the Government must come to an equitable arrangement with the Peruvian Corporation. Should negotiations on such a basis be finally concluded, we need hardly say that it will have an important bearing upon the prospects of the Corporation, seeing that the Government is indebted to that institution to the extent of £295,000 for arrears of the annuity, and £44,000 for traffic charges. This Corporation has gone through so many vicissitudes that its long-suffering shareholders have learned ere this not to attach too much importance to reported schemes for setting it on its legs again. Still, the country has undoubtedly wonderful resources, and, with fresh capital introduced for its development, the Government may yet see the error of its ways and reform its financial methods. It is to be noted, however, that the financial assistance does not in this instance come from this country, but that the negotiations are being carried on between Paris and Peru. The French people cannot congratulate themselves on their past financial experience in that part of the world; but it is hoped that if they embark upon this Peruvian enterprise they will be more fortunate. The Peruvian Corporation, at any rate, will wish them every success. We trust the negotiations will fare better than did those for a French loan a year or two ago.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The dearer money which ruled during the latter half of 1896 has been reflected in the Bank dividends recently declared. The London banks, having had more opportunities of availing themselves quickly of the various changes in the Money Market than the country banks, have naturally benefited to a greater extent. London and Westminster and London South-Western have each improved their dividends by 2 per cent. as compared with the corresponding period of 1895, while City Bank, London Joint, and Union of London have increased their distributions 1 per cent. In addition to these satisfactory results, we have reason to believe that substantial amounts have, in some instances, been applied towards replenishing the internal reserves, which have been trenched upon for the purpose of assisting to maintain dividends during the long spell of cheap money. The declaration of the dividends has not had any appreciable effect upon the Bank-share Market, as the prices have been steadily rising during the latter months of the year, in anticipation of higher distributions, it being well known that remunerative business was being done by the banks. Altogether, the banking half-year must be looked upon as very satisfactory, the alterations in dividends being in every case so far as they have been declared of an upward character.

THE QUEENSLAND NATIONAL BANK.

We cannot but sympathise with the shareholders and creditors of the Queensland National Bank, in view of the disastrous results disclosed by the report of the committee appointed to inquire into its affairs. The gist of this report was cabled over in November; but we have now before us the full text of it, and, we are sorry to say, it throws a dismal light upon the past working of this institution. Unless the Commissioners have blundered seriously, the bank's balance-sheet on June 30 last must be described as among the most misleading documents of the kind ever issued in Australia. The Commissioners have formulated a scheme of reconstruction; but we very much question if it will meet with the approval of creditors on this side. The Commissioners recommend that the private holders of deferred receipts should replace the shareholders as the proprietors of the bank. The paid-up capital is gone, but there is an uncalled liability of £2 per share on 160,000 shares, and the scheme suggests that the present shareholders should surrender what may be termed their equity of redemption to the depositors, in consideration of being relieved of this liability. If this be agreed upon, the Commission will recommend the Government to grant the release. As far as the shareholders are concerned, we have no doubt that many of them would be only too glad to be relieved of their liability; but we very much question whether creditors will take kindly to occupying their place as proprietors. Of course, it would doubtless be arranged that no further liability would be incurred by accepting this position, but we apprehend a great amount of opposition will be encountered on this side if such a scheme is formally brought forward. That some compromise is preferable to liquidation goes without saying, and we understand that negotiations have already been set on foot in this country with the view of ascertaining the feeling of creditors on the subject. So far as we can judge, the Queensland Government, as the preferential creditor, is absolutely in control of the situation. We shall watch with interest the use which it makes of that power.

TOWN PROPERTIES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The last week in the old year brought, as is generally the case, a plethora of company meetings, more or less unsatisfactory in their character. The directors of these belated concerns are profuse in

tendering excuses regarding the dilatoriness of their communications to shareholders, and the Town Properties of West Australia, Limited, is no exception to this unbusinesslike practice. The profits of the company are some three thousand pounds less than the directors "had good ground to expect," owing to the failure of the managing director in West Australia to complete a sale which he previously reported he had effected. There appears to be some ground for thinking that the properties of the company are profit-yielding; but it is evident that some time must elapse before any substantial sums are realised. A feature favourable to the directors in the report is the fact that, although the valuations show the properties to be worth nearly twice their cost, no credit has been taken in the accounts for increase in values, the directors preferring to wait until actual realisations are made. So far, so good; but are these valuations to be relied on?

MAXIM-NORDENFELT.

The dividend of 4 per cent. declared by this company was quite up to expectations, and has been looked upon very favourably by the market. The directors have been very much crippled for want of capital; but notwithstanding this, they have had a very successful year, and their policy of strengthening their reserve and maintenance fund is a highly commendable one. The substantial sum of £22,790 is carried forward, and, seeing that the orders now in hand are in excess of those of any previous year, the company enters upon the New Year under very auspicious circumstances.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INQUIRER.—(1) We have so often answered inquiries about these people that, if you had read our "Correspondence" column, it would be quite unnecessary for you to ask this question. If you give them your money to gamble with you are very foolish. They profess to carry on a sort of arbitrage business between various American towns; but our inquiries in New York give unsatisfactory information. (2) The Dunlop dividend has just been paid. There is no need to worry about the exchange of allotment letters for share certificates. There is no more virtue in a certificate than in the receipts you now hold.

G. G. H.—Another correspondent has taken your *nom-de-guerre*, so we use your initials. The question you ask depends on the price of tin, and we do not like to guess at the future of this metal.

N. A. (Ceylon).—Your letter has been handed to the editor.

THANKFUL.—We should prefer London Music-hall shares ourselves, but it is a matter of opinion—London Pavilion, Palace, or Empire. The Gaiety is doing well, and as a speculation might be worth picking up.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—The concern was greatly over-capitalised, and has nothing to show for it. We are not sweet upon the shares.

EUCALYPTUS.—(1) We should hold on chance of a further improvement if the negotiation goes through. (2) Buy all you can get under par. The concern is doing well, and the profits for the last half-year exceed £20,000. The directors have bought several thousand shares, we know.

C. P. J.—If you got your shares on the issue of the prospectus the other day, we advise you to communicate with the City Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 18, Charing Cross Road, who will put you into communication with other shareholders seeking to get their money back. Otherwise get rid of the things if you can find anyone to buy.

D. J.—You cannot complain. First dividends are almost always calculated in this way, which is perfectly legal and morally right.

A. SCH.—The shares you hold are probably utter rubbish, but at present prices you may as well see the gamble out, for if one of the concerns struck gold you would get your money back. Croydon Consols is a good mine, and we recommended the shares at 4s. 6d. The others are gambles, but we prefer Wentworth's of the three. We believe Forrest King of Coolgardie to be worth buying at about 10s.

T. M. B.—The Hotel shares we do not like, and advise you not to invest in. It will probably be some time before the place is made to pay more than its debenture interest.

J. N.—The notice about Share Warrants to Bearer does not apply to ordinary share-certificates. An explanation here would take up too much room.

CROSSEUS.—Yes, a very fair investment, not, of course, equal to Consols or even English Corporation stocks.

J. J. G.—(1) We also have some. The concern has some good properties in New Zealand, but, in the present state of the market, we expect cannot float them. We shall hold. (2) There is going to be an amalgamation scheme between the London and Globe and the Exploring and Finance. The ordinary shareholders are to get, we hear, three new shares and 7s. cash dividend for each old share. (3) We doubt it, but if you will take a small profit there may be a chance. (4) We doubt it, even more than in the last case.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS TO INVEST.—(a) 1, Turkish 1855 Loan guaranteed by England and France; 2, Imperial Continental Gas stock; 3, City of Wellington Waterworks loan; 4, New Brunswick Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures; 5, C. Arthur Pearson 5½ pref. shares; 6, Industrial and General Trust Unified Stock. (b) Not a bad lock-up. The stock will probably get a small dividend next summer. (c) Not an investment we should care for.

RAC.—We have handed your letter to the publishing department, who will send you the number if the illustration was ever published. The address you want is Eagle Bott, Esq., 28, Victoria Street, Westminster.

STAFF-SERGEANT.—Two other correspondents assumed the *nom-de-guerre* you gave, but no doubt you will recognise this answer. Your letter is one of those which make a financial editor inclined to weep at the impossibility of making you understand the A B C of stocks and shares. "Bonds to Bearer" are a form of security issued by many Governments and Corporations, and pass by delivery from hand to hand without a transfer by deed. The interest they pay depends on who issues them and their chances of getting paid. If you want to invest your £100, buy twenty 5½ pref. shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. Don't touch the mine you mention.

G. G. W. (Cape of Good Hope).—Thanks for photos. Mr. Rhodes's house has been done to death, so we fear we cannot use them.